

DEAD WRONG: AN INVESTIGATIVE REPORT BY JANE O'HARA

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Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

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This Week

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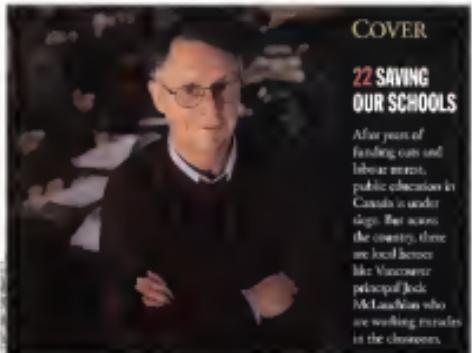
There are some exciting books in the dialogue of new Canadian fiction, including Thomas Whalen's *Solenoid*. Entertainment Notes 69

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Photo: photo by Mark Grajeda for Maclean's



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After years of funding cuts and labour unrest, public education in Canada is under siege. But across the country, there are local heroes like Vancouver principal Jack McLachlan who are working miracles in the classroom.



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Maclean's Photo Editor Doug Bragg presents an exhibition of pictures from the late prime minister's early years in high office



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On May 16, Oklahoma City bomber Timothy McVeigh will die in the Electric Chair. It will be a very public death.



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Double swift and sudden deaths on bony trunks by eminent pathologist Charles Smith



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Canada's top finance houses are better by accident—and force U.S. competition. Some experts say only bank mergers can save the Street

From the Editor

The CRTC vs. free speech (?)

Even for those of us who didn't attend—and had no visual images—there were reasons to hear in last week's National Newspaper Awards ceremony in Toronto. One was the impressive work of women, including the *National Post's* investigative ace Andrew MacIntosh—who unearthened the so-called Shearington scandal; the droll, provocative writing of *The Globe and Mail's* Margaret Wente; and the courage of crime reporter Michael Astor of *Le Journal de Montréal*, now back at work after riding five bulletins in the back last fall. There were lots of courageous efforts—a rare reminder that there is room to journalism than debacles of convergence, battles between media conglomerates, and publishers and editors seeking new ways to say bad things about adversaries.

Consumers are right to have concerns about the state of journalism. A small number of people control most of our print and electronic media, leading to worries about whether they'll push to reveal stories in a manner beneficial to them. Or perhaps there isn't even necessary their hired journalists already are captive to their wishes. Check out, say, the way the *Wall Street Journal* reports on the business performance of the *Wall Street Journal*, its parent company, Dow Jones & Company.

That helps explain why the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission has concerns over ownership of TV networks and newspapers. BCE, which owns CTV and the Globe and the *American*—who runs the Southern papers, half the *Forum* (Cavendish Global)—has huge influence in setting the national news agenda. Now, the CRTC is considering rules to keep TV and print operations separate so that the *Globe* could not share facilities with CTV, and *For journa*lists couldn't work next to their Global counterparts.



That proposal evidently seems sensible in bureaucratic Ottawa, but looks ugly everywhere else. There seem many Canadians with deep pockets and a desire to invest in media新businesses. If you outlaw potential strategies and reduce efficiencies in news-gathering operations, that makes those properties even less desirable as a business proposition. (Or is it, now, few people spend billions just for the joy of indulging their community profit motives? And as CTV station-keeper Kirk LaFrance notes, such rules would make it easier for journalists to talk to competitors than to each other.)

Moreover, it is not in though CTV and BCE are the only players around. Montréal has four daily newspapers and two major TV networks. Toronto offers even more choice (Ottawa, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Calgary have Sun Media newspaper as well, and Halifax and Quebec City also have some dailies). Almost everywhere in Canada, you have the CBC (and Murdoch). Not to mention access to the world via the Internet. Virtually any Canadian can read, watch or talk about anything, anytime, with anyone—unless the CRTC's invent inventiveness prevails, and some journalists can only talk to their colleagues under controlled circumstances. Allian favours free speech for journalists, stand up. You there, in Ottawa, who are you still going to print?

manufacturers to comment on their future



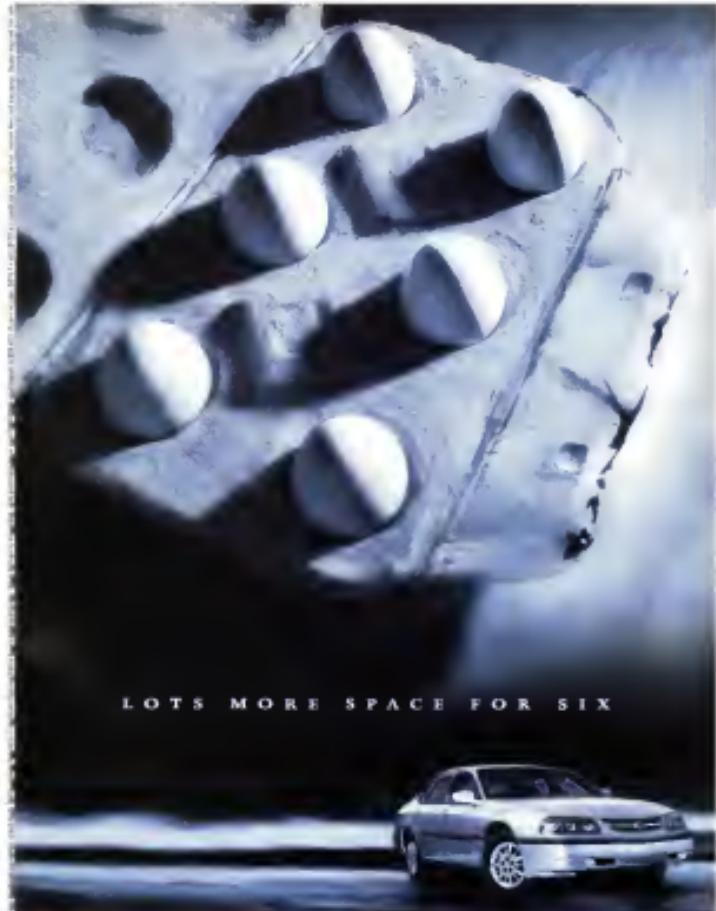
Schofield and
Dowdy, *Indians*

interest in the future of the Canadian school system. A sound forecast that, in fact, all modern man share. "The future health of Canada depends, in many ways, on the health of our schools," says Dewett Johnson. "Canadians understand that. And there's a terrific fighting spirit emerging at a grassroots level across the country. No one wants public education to die in their watch."

Newsroom Notes

A fighting spirit

A person who has spent the past few years covering education is more than aware that confidence in the Canadian public-school system seems to have hit an all-time low. Years of funding cuts and labour skirmishes have left parents, students and teachers demoralized. So where is the good news, the hope for the future? That was the question that



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The Mail



A peaceful neighbourhood becomes a war zone

On the summit

I am a student of the St-Jean-Baptiste chapter of Quebec City where the summit of the Americas recently took place ("No living on the fence," *Cariboo*, April 30). For two days and nights, my home was subjected to helicopters constantly hovering, noisy demonstrators running back and forth, the popping of tear-gas guns nearby and the continuous search of my garage for my clothes, my hats, my slacks and in every corner of the house. It boggles my mind that our government could condone naming a peaceful neighbourhood as a war zone for two days so that they and their guests could take wine, dine and party in peace. To add insult to injury, not one government body even thanked us for enduring what we put up with.

Margot Allard, Quebec City

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The naked truth

Hello, my name is Sean and I'm 11. I agree sometimes the one-shooter games get off the edge with violence ("Killing time," *Cariboo*, April 30). Duke Nukem is not a really violent game except that there's naked women. If you go close to them and click a button, you will see your gun go away and see money in your hand, which you give to the stripper. Then she takes off her belt and shows her boobs. The games I like with are Black & White, Conquest & Conquer, Red Alert 2, StarCraft, The Sims, House Party, and stuff like that.

Sean-Patrick Ongig, Guelph, Ont.

They have to respond to what they consider brasless, because brasless themselves.

Ronald Stucki, Lachute, Que.

The Prime Minister should have held the summit in Whitehorse in mid-February. There would be few disorders left over in the -47°C weather.

Marketa G. Watson, Victoria

I do not condone the violence, but I certainly support many of the concerns of the protesters. All the more so after reading "The Ferguson" (*Canada and the World*, April 30), about rampant diseases such as sleeping sickness, malaria and tuberculosis killing hundreds of thousands of people in Africa. A major factor is the high cost of the drugs needed to combat these diseases. Dr. Harvey Bale Jr., head of the International Federation of Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Associations, says:

What is it that the industry is offered upon to be the social safety net? It is not the job of the pharmaceutical company to do that.

"These words indicate very clearly the attitude of many major corporations prior silencing at the expense of free trade—and why the protesters at the People's Summit are concerned.

Mark Martens, Ottawa

hour or several pages in *Medecins*. No sane person can claim that reducing trade barriers will not bring benefits to all countries involved. What may be cause for concern are the extra clauses that stick themselves to these agreements. Newman raises several sidebar issues in the present discussions and provides some intelligent analysis.

Mark Wright, Calgary

Peter C. Newman repeats the oft-handed whine of the Canadian culture elite—free trade if you want, but not where it might affect me or my friends! He should realize by now that a distinctive culture is not the product of, nor can it be protected by, tariffs, subsidies or government fiat, nor should it be. People do not select their books, music, magazines or movies based on cost or whether there is a Maple Leaf on them. They make these choices based on quality and taste, pure and simple. And where quality is concerned, Canadians have nothing to fear from the world.

Mark Martens, Ottawa

Games and gore

Being 14 years old, I know most of the video games that are played today (not "It's fight the FTAs," Peter C. Newman, April 30). Some games are shooter-type games, but the ones you showed were in near a story, even if it did the new

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would even think of buying a game simply for the gore factor. A gory game is not necessarily a good game, but a good game can be gory how can parents know that the game is really appropriate for a 16-year-old? You play it! I'm all for putting ratings on games, but thinking that they are destroying us is completely off the mark.

Mark Gosselin, Victoria

Sighhhh, here we go again. I remember when I was 12 or 13 (I'm almost 17 now) and my parents turning off TV shows and movies because "violent TV/movies make you more aggressive." This was always followed with "why don't you read a book?" So, I went upstairs and read. My favourites were *The Last Wizard* series by Christopher Pike. I vividly remember the first chapter of the first book in the series. It revolved the beautiful protagonist, a vampire, brutally murdering a police chief when he refused to tell her what she wanted to know. Violence such as this was only briefly mentioned with sox throughout the novels. I found this book in the children's section of a local bookstore, but had my parents come across me watching a movie based on these books, they would easily have told me to go read a book. I have no problem with rating and violence for computer games, I just wish that people would learn to take responsibility and try to fix what they think is wrong with society instead of finding the newest scapegoat.

Samara Lishenska, Vancouver

Shareholder control

Count me in an agreeing wholeheartedly with Claude Larivière of the Ontario Teachers' Pension Plan Board; corporate athletes and options granting are out of control ("Teachers' per pete").

For more letters:

[BOSTON TALKS BACK](#)

Business, April 30) I have been voicing a little lady with a tech contingency which is probably years away from profitability and has seen its share price plummet over the past two years, regarding the huge

salaries and bonuses paid to its executives. I have absolutely no hope that this attitude will ever change unless shareholders voice somehow and give these companies hell.

Brian K. Dunn, Burlington, Ont.

What's in a name?

With regard to Karen Martin-Rabbiani's "With these names, I die!" (Over to You, April 30), I wonder what will happen if the children of this mixed-named couple decide to be as "unusual" when they get married, and become Martin-Rabbiani-Jones-Sims? And what about their grandchildren? They will have eight last names! Where will it end? You can call the practice of women changing their names on marriage ridiculous, but I'll call it practical.

Jean-Paul, Burnaby, B.C.

I like what the Dutch do the woman often adds her family name with a hyphen to her husband's—his name-her name—and the children take the husband's family name. This way, the woman's father's name is honoured (why, I have to wonder), the woman's identity is not totally given up (whatever that means) and kids, dad and mom all go by the same last name, at least.

J.E. Custer, Delta, B.C.

Perhaps the placement was accidental, but the result was humorous. First, I read about the practice of middlemanning in "The Cape Breton art of styling" (Over to You, April 30) and chuckled. Then I reread the page to read about the Martini-Rabbiani (as in who was that Marlene Martini?) and laughed. I wondered what would happen if Heather Dixon Donald Grace MacDonald married the Marlene-Rabbiani son. Would they become the Dixon Donald Grace MacDonald Marlene-Rabbiani? But maybe it's true Cape Breton fallacy, the two-lovebirds would just become "Our Heather and the fellas from away."

Tom Blackford, Caledon, Ont.

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Overture

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Edited by Shanda Denil with Amy Cameron

Over and Under Achievers

Sequels and second bananas

Cherry fil'd 'er up! *Canadians*? thumbs up! And *Dodger* nixed defence: what goes up?

◆ **The Vice:** U.S. Vice-President Dick Cheney says pumping more fossil fuel is the American Way. Global warming? Can't outrun SUV Nascar style.

◆ **Canadian:** Col. Chris Hadfield comes back to earth after walking in space and unfolding the second generation of Canadian cool robotic space labs.



Downing Asia has ups on his sleeves

◆ **The Deputy Chief:** Larry Hill of Ontario police foto promises an unbiased investigation after a city officer is videotaped slamming a woman's head against a car.

◆ **The Deputy Leader:** MP George Hill's first move in Stock Day's new leadership race: Preston's office. Meaning exits grossly, but Hill should have known better.

◆ **Asian Affairs:** South Korea's economic ministry should achieve needs Moscow's co-operation, but Dodge gives no clue about how he plans to get Russia onboard.

◆ **Berville At:** Fans of ex-interneers who need to feel sanguine, says a psychologist's study. Canadians who watched final episode of *Leafs Devil's Game* 4 should lose enthusiasm.

Manson's got a brand new bag

0 speakers of NewMusicWest—the annual Vancouver conference for performers and music-industry representatives—are dinging for their thesauruses after landing stock rocker **Marilyn Manson** as their artist keynote speaker (May 11). In a new release, Manson is called "a visionary artist," "an acidic bausenreiter" and "the undisputed master of the dark side of rock." Such descriptions are tame for the self-proclaimed satanist whose stage attack was summed up by Entertainment Weekly as "a blend of metalcore, acid-fuckin', Christian bashing and profane self-determination."

Conference publicity director Mary Ann McNamee says Manson, who owns his own record label, will talk "about going beyond the controversy and being a businessman in this industry." Or not, says McNamee. The devil only knows what Manson might actually say.



BEAM ME UP, PLEASE

Last month, the British Flying Saucer Bureau announced it was closing after 49 years, due to a lack of UFO sightings. But on this side of the Atlantic, British Columbia and the Yukon are posting unusually high numbers of sightings—102 and 26, respectively—for 2001. And Newfoundlanders have always felt they have an inordinate number of visitors. Could it be aliens have found a preferable vacation spot in Canada?

Last week, a crew from TV's *Space Channel*—including producer Jim Sturton and science experts and hosts Natalie Elise and Steve Anthony—set out across the country to gather X-Files-type anecdotes of both the extraterrestrial and the supernatural. “It is a left-brained fact,” says Sturton, “that Canada had a government-supported UFO tracking station back in the late '50s, in Shetley Bay, Ont. We are going to check it out.” Other destinations include Newfoundland’s Bell Island, famous for fairies, werewolves and vampires, and a UFO landing pad in St. Paul, Ala. Meanwhile, viewers are encouraged to post other paranormal happenings on the channel’s Web site, www.spacechannel.ca.

The crew’s adventures will be broadcast in four-minute segments everyday throughout the summer. Although the producers would love nothing more than to stumble upon a few ghost or ETs, more likely the sightings will feature “believers” telling their stories of sightings and abductions. “It’s a pretty light-hearted approach,” says Sturton. “There are not going to be many deadly serious investigative endeavours. Although there is a re-enactment or two up our sleeve.” In other words, if the truth is out there, they’ll find it and turn it into something cherry.



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REAL MEN FIND TIME FOR FACIALS

Construction worker Robert Garnett likes to get his male buffed once a month. He says it makes his hands look nice for when he's lunching with business clients. According to the 26-year-old Canadian, pedicures are also a must. "Every guy who works in construction wears those leather boots," says Garnett, "and when they get wet they turn your feet white and it's just gross."

Beauty salons for males are already common in Paris, where men are more familiar with the pamper and pass of personal grooming. But now Canadian salons are booking more appointments for men to get their nails done, their backs waxed and the hair in their ears and on their noses zapped by electrolysis. They are also selling beauty products like nail hardener and foot-care creams as male clients. Semantics aside, Laura Drouin of Advanced Studio of Electrolysis in Toronto says that those interested in a waxed and polished look are presently heeding her.

And these men appreciate quality beauty care. Valentine firman Bill Olnick drives two hours from Lethbridge to his favorite Calgary salon to get his back waxed every couple of months. He is not shy about it.



"You don't want the world to know you have hair growing out of your back," says Olnick, "but it's a fact of life and the end result is more appealing."

Riina Kar

The council cup runneth over

In the \$300-million package of new art and culture funding announced last week by Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, \$75 million over three years was presented to the Canada Council for the Arts. That's up of the council's current funding, which comes to \$124.2 million this year. Much of the goes to support mainstream programs like mounting theater festivals and publishing fiction. But here's a sample of some more cutting-edge projects receiving council support:

• Marie-Josée Chartier, Toronto, dance, \$15,000: To research and develop a new work, *Screeching Pipes*, and participate in Inuit Dowd's modern dance企划。

• Kimberly Cooper, Calgary, dance, \$16,000: To spend five months studying, creating and being created on at a crucial point in her career.

• Agnieszka Szafran Sytk, Winnipeg, inter-disc., \$25,000: "To create *Nova Specie Prospexit*, a hybridization of species and technologies towards visualizing trans-species perception."

• Michael Alexander Johnson, Peterborough, Ont., film and video, \$16,000: "To complete the project entitled *My Student Loan*"

If you're goin' to try my new innovation, Canada Council's got the funds



King's College University says, We never

Who wants the AJA?

After 25 years, the University of King's College journalism school had decided it had enough of organizing the Atlantic Journalism Awards—in part because it has long worried about nepotizing the very media outlets that run its gauntlet. The decision may have come too late. This year's AJAs made the Halifax school a powerful entry: The New Brunswick newspapers owned by the Irving family of Saint John. The AJAs site, bestowing on the New Brunswick Telegraph Journal—the flagship of the Irving chain—a special award for journalistic achievement in the province during the past decade. No one from the Telegraph Journal showed up to receive the honour at the annual ceremony in Halifax on April 27. Managing editor Peter Haggart told the AJA organizers that the newspaper was declining the honour in protest against one of the judges, André Venot, a former Montréal reporter who resigned under controversy from the Telegraph Journal last year. Staffers at the newspaper say a more likely reason for tamping down the reveal was that the judges honored the paper only for its past performance, from 1993 to 1998, when the Telegraph Journal had a different editor. The Irving报团 didn't send there. Editors at Montréal's *Times & Transcript* also claimed that their reporters stay away from this year's AJAs.

Times & Transcript editor Al Haggart went even further. In an e-mail to Stephen Kimber, director of the King's school of journalism, Haggart threatened never to hire another King's grad because of the school's questionable ethics. In using Venot as a judge, said Kimber, "It seems vindictive, small-minded and petty to target students who are totally innocent." But that's exactly what King's feared was going to happen all along.

John Bell/Net



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Log Entry, Day 1: At first we had no idea what this immense impossibility of see meant. It's first step in software that will help our universe innovation be classified technology. Systematic this visit is -unclassified-. Help have met us on place.



Log Entry, Day 4: We have discovered a multiplication database somewhere in this building. Our research suggest that it can access, manage and analyze all forms of data... even make one visit! We need facilities without license (license is \$99/P) which works across Linux, UNIX and a major platforms throughout the enterprise and beyond. This information alternative is not yet.



Log Entry, Day 6: People here have the ability to investigate intellectual capital. Their use "knowledge management" software to catalog employee expertise. Other employees can then access and capitalize on valuable existing knowledge rather than laboriously reworking it. This "Lotus" software promises collaboration far more effectively than our "Finger of Knowledge" technique.



Log Entry, Day 7: In this culture, from the roads and bridges of this country to its hidden software, it is not hard to understand why we require a monopoly by Think[®] software. It will help every intelligent yet invisible knowledge management software in the parallel universe. Its whole selling point is that it has been created.



Log Entry, Day 14: Today we committed ourselves to research. In so doing, we discovered that WebSphere is chosen by more CEOs than any other e-business solution is chosen. Why? Is it that WebSphere's open system's 100% work across 35 platforms? Is it the tools like ease of deployment like e-commerce capabilities? To like many brilliant CEOs of this nation, we say to you: we do not like your way of thinking. We will find out.

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Over To You • Tom Burke

A homecoming tragedy

At 9 a.m. on Dec. 28, 2000, Arthur Kuhanda was heading back home to spend New Year's with his family in Bujumbura, Burundi. After finishing exams at the New Brunswick Community College in Bathurst and flying to Kisiga, Rwanda, Kuhanda was now making the last leg of his trip, a four-hour bus ride to Bujumbura. That same morning, Amsale Asmalem, a Rwandan-born Ottawa resident, was heading to Bujumbura via the same route but on a different bus. In Kisiga, the two old friends ran into each other. They had a quick chat and set out on their respective buses, promising to speak again at the Burundi border checkpoint.

When they arrived at the border, everyone had time to distribute while passengers' papers were checked. Amsale, 40, listened as Arthur, an energetic 21-year-old, spoke about some of his plans for the future, about how much he enjoyed his studies in New Brunswick and his excitement at getting together with his family. "Just look at you," said Amsale. "You've grown up to be an ambitious young man."

Arthur then returned to his bus, run by the Titonic transport company, while Amsale went back to his, run by the Venus company. Traditionally, the Venus vehicles would lead the way to Bujumbura, but it was delayed longer at the border and the Titonic bus departed first.

The two-hour drive that winds through Burundi's mountainous roads to Bujumbura is a stop-and-start affair. Titonic military checkpoints can occur at almost as many five-minute intervals. The country is controlled by Tutsis—Burundi's minority population—and moderate Hutsus. But extreme Hutsu rebels, who comprise the majority of the country's population, are fighting for exclusive power, which has resulted in years of bloody civil strife. According to Amsale, "You just never know who is going to pull you over. You may go through many checkpoints, but the next one might be a Hutsu rebel checkpoint and that's why each time the bus had to stop, we would become a bit nervous."

On this day, it seems that the checkpoints were frequent enough to irritate the driver of the Venus bus, who was determined to get in front of the Titonic. As he was frantically making up the distance, a young boy asked if they could pull

over so he could achieve himself—the driver reluctantly agreed.

The final leg of this winding bus ride is the drive from a town called Bagamere into Bujumbura. The area around Bagamere is notorious for rebel attacks. Trailing Arthur's Titonic bus now by about a kilometer, the Venus vehicle came into Bagamere. They were confronted by a checkpoint that the driver was prepared to ignore. But the soldiers informed them that their rebel passenger shoes could be heard about a kilometer down in the valley. As Arthur and the others got out of the vehicle, they too, could hear the shots. They were concerned that the Titonic bus was the target of the rebels—some had family members onboard. They used cellphones to call people on the Titonic but got no answer. They waited for two hours, while the shots became less frequent. Eventually, a unit from Bujumbura picked up the injured and brought them to Bujumbura. The Venus passengers looked on anxiously as the vehicles approached. The injured were from the Titonic and they had been shot up badly. The Titonic survivors informed everyone's worst fears: the rebels had briefly executed 21 of the passengers—including Arthur Kuhanda.

According to the passengers, the rebels ambushed the bus by shooting at the driver and the taxi. They got hold of the passenger list and started to call people out one by one. The passengers were told to hand over their money, strip down and lie on the ground. As some pleaded for their lives, the rebels would respond best by shooting them in the legs, then lifting them so they'd get up and run, after which they would shoot them dead. Their targets were Tutsis and foreigners—Tutsis and most Congolese were let go. At Arthur's name was called out, he presented his Canadian passport and money and placed with the armed men that he was not part of the conflict. He was shot and killed.

Amable Ruzindana leaves his bus could have easily been the target, but it's been the first through Bagamere. Instead, his friend, a terrific young man and a proud Canadian, died on what was supposed to be a joyful return to his birthplace. A memorial site for Arthur Kuhanda has been set up by fellow students in Bathurst, N.B. tinyurl.com/2jwzv



"Each time the bus had to stop, we would become a bit nervous."



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"They're as safe as the cars we design except the change stays in your pocket."

By Glen Chan and Charles Lee, Safety center Designers and Safety U-Series Drivers

AFTER EIGHT YEARS of designing roller coasters we've had our share of loops-the-loops, corkscrews and coast locks. Our job is all about designing deliciously terrifying moments for riders but there's one question about it, safety is the priority. I suppose it's a bit like designing a car. Keep the shield of the ride as safe as

It's a Snitch! It's kind of funny how a year ago when Glen and I were shopping for cars, we both ended up pulling into work in Saturns. I, Steven, was working for safety so we were assigned to Saturn's features. **20 Buckle Up!** If you've ever ridden a coaster, you know shoulder harnesses and lap belts keep you planted in your seat during your ride. Glen and I joked that the safety features of our cars are kind of parallel to those in a theme park. Like a car's airbags, most cars now have them to help prevent smaller passengers from flying under the car belt during impact. And just as we don't need to tell you that Standard Power Air Bags and seat belts are for life, lots of theme parks walk very safely. Glen and I talk about putting the points on a roller coaster design to ensure that design engineers were installed him in place. In short, they implemented these optional Head Curious Air Bags that sleep like inflated balloons on both sides of the front and

rear passenger compartment. They help protect against head injuries in a rear collision. And since Saturn vehicles have a front and rear crumple zone to absorb and distribute impact energy to passengers, they have a greater chance of reducing injury from any package sacrificed. There's a whole lot of safety designed in a car and powerful ride. Which we think is important whether you're driving to work or setting speeds down a hundred feet in the air.



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PASSAGES

Suspended: For his cheap shot that knocked out New Jersey defenceman Scott Niedermayer last week, Tie Domi of the Toronto Maple Leafs was suspended for the rest of the playoffs and, if the Leafs are beaten by the Devils, for the first eight games of the 2001-2002 season. NHL vice-president Colin Campbell announced the disciplinary action after a meeting with 31-year-old Domi—a repeat offender—and his doctor had assessed the severity of Niedermayer's concussion. Niedermayer, 27, lay motionless on the ice for five minutes at the end of Game 4 of the series' play-off series before being carried off on a stretcher. The incident may influence NHL officials when they meet this summer to decide whether to ban hard plastic-shelled elbow pads that, while designed to protect, can also be used as weapons.

Bid: Bob Chirki shattered a world record last year when he climbed Mount Everest in almost 16 hours and 56 minutes—shaving almost 5½ hours off the previous time. In May 1999, the Sherpa guide became the first to descend on the 8,850-m summit for 21 hours without bottled oxygen—most climbers only stay at the summit long enough for photos to be taken. Chirki, 35, was guiding some mountaineers on April 30, when he fell 30 m into a crevasse. Though it was a relatively short fall, he lay unconscious for several hours and died of his injuries.

Author: Toronto author Eira Paris won the first annual Shagnyshay Cohen prize for political writing—named for the outspoken Winnipeg MP who died in 1998. Paris, 65, received \$10,000 for her book, *Long Shadows: Truth, Lies and History*, which examines how countries shape their historical memory, revision or repressing embarrassing facts from their past.

Rescuing: Doctors at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., removed a cancerous growth from the lung of former Beatle George Harrison. The 58-year-old superstar is now recovering in Tuscany, Italy. This is not the first time Harrison has had surgery on his lung or been stricken for cancer. In 1999, his lung was punctured when a man broke into his home west of London and smashed him; and in 1997, Harrison was treated for throat cancer.

Hospitalized: Supermodel Niko Taylor is an an Adams hospital after a car accident that severely damaged her liver. The 26-year-old was a passenger in friend Chad Renegar's car when he hit a utility pole while swerving the vehicle. Though Taylor was able to get out of the car herself, she later complained of abdominal pain and was rushed into surgery. The Florida-born mother of two boys may also have suffered lung damage in the accident.

Chord: Country singer Tim Clark was charged with drunk driving after Nashville police stopped her for speeding. The 32-year-old Clark, born in Montreal and raised in Medicine Hat, Alta., admitted that she had been drinking, but refused to take a blood-alcohol test. She was named best female country artist at this year's Junos.

Burned: Regan Daley, Toronto pastry chef and author of *It's the Sweet Kitchen*, won the International Association of Culinary Professionals' Best Cookbook of the Year award. Daley also picked up the round, after baking and sweets award for cookbooks.

Reunited: Team Canada revealed that Maritza Nuñez-Llona will come out of retirement after seven years to play doubles in this summer's Bogen ATP Cup. An international women's tennis champion, Nuñez-Llona, 44, won 56 grand-slam titles in her career, including a record nine Wimbledon singles titles in 1990. The championships will be held in Toronto from Aug. 11 to 19.



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Tough love from Stockwell Day

Stockwell Day tried to quell shadows on his party by issuing a gag order to all Canadian Alliance MPs on the subject of his leadership credentials—unless, if the case of veteran Calgary MP Art Hanger is any indication. After being demoted from his post as finance critic, Hanger found himself suspended from caucus for continuing to call for Day to resign. But with a recent slew of high-profile MPs resigning their portfolios—former deputy leader Deborah Grey, former house leader Claude Strobl and former chair of staff Ian Todd—and more possible to come, all unclear whether Day can count on tough love so far with the Alliance's family fund. Late last week, even with most Alliance critics of Day reduced to a whisper—for now—veteran B.C. MP Joy Hiltz spoke out in support of Hanger. "It's unfortunate that Art has been further discredited for reflecting who he feels to be the views of his constituents," Alliance? What Alliance?

Scaling down the fish war

Newfoundland's biggest company, Fishery Products International Ltd., was under new management after rebel investors won a draw-out battle for control. Shareholders voted overwhelmingly to oust long-time chairman Vic Young, 59, and his chairman, and bring in a slate backed by John Ridley, 53, owner of FPI and Clearwater Fine Foods Inc. of Halifax. Ridley repeated pledges to expand, not close plants in his drive for a better stock price.

Oilman stays in Sudan

Unifying shareholders by涣散的, Talisman Energy Inc. CEO Jim Buckler declared the Calgary-based company would continue its much-criticized oil operations in southern Sudan. Opponents say oil revenue collected by the regime in Khartoum strengthens its hold on the oil-rich war-torn southern guerrillas and contributes to the incidence of slavery. Buckler, saying Talisman does much for local residents, such as food schools and water projects, argued its withdrawal would simply mean another, potentially less sympathetic foreign company would take over.

RE.I. potatoes off the couch

It took a while to convince superrich U.S. customs officials there was no pesto wart lurking amid the eyes, but Prince Edward Island potato growers managed to assume shipments south of the border. The Americans had banned the spuds seven months earlier after finding the fungus on a batch from one location on the Island. The two sides finally reached a deal allowing shipments from 80 per cent of PEI farms.

Message in a bottle

The Ontario government resurrected its controversial plan to turn welfare recipients for drug and alcohol addiction. Those who fail will have to submit to treatment to be eligible for their welfare cheques. Mike Harris' Tories backed away from a

A MICROSCOPIC KILLER IN NORTH BATTLEFORD?

Less than a year after the Walkerton, Ont., tainted water outbreak killed seven and made 2,200 others sick, the 14,000 residents of North Battleford, Sask., are dealing with their own contamination crisis. Saskatchewan health officials say the deaths of three people between April 24 and May 2 may be linked to cryptosporidium. They found the microscopic parasite in the agricultural



GO DOG GO

Sparked by the energetic invasion Williams (left), aka Jenk York Dog, the Toronto Raptors achieved a franchise best: after six years in the NBA, they won a playoff record, defeating the New York Knicks twice games to zero. Led by superstar Vince Carter, the Raptors won the last two games of the series.



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*The hearing
continued on page*

similar plan last November when critics denounced it as a ploy to pare down the roughly 430,000 people on Ontario's welfare rolls—an argument they are bringing back again. Currently, the new bill includes a provision requiring welfare recipients who struggle with reading, writing and math to submit to mandatory literacy tests.

Dial 911 for outrage

The Feb. 15, 2000, murder of two women shocked Wiernyjergers and angered

women's groups. Now, they may finally learn how the incident—dubbed “the 911 murder” after police charged the women were rubbed to death while 911 operators listened on the telephone—could ever have happened. William John Dunlop, 32, was convicted on April 24 of murdering his ex-girlfriend, Connie McKeown, 32, and her tame, Dennis Leckie, 31, in the latter's home. Manobah chief medical examiner will call an inquest to try to determine how the five emergency calls they made failed to save their lives.

ROOTS ON THE GROUND

Roots Canada Ltd., the clothing retailer that vowed to restate “fun and fair” to air travel, learned it’s not fashionable to compete with Air Canada. The national carrier bought 85 per cent of Skyservice Airlines Inc. of Toronto, the parent of Roots Air and what became the airline the next day, less than six weeks

after it began its designer flights from Toronto to Calgary and Vancouver.

Analysts believe Air Canada will not tolerate anyone nibbling at its dominance of corporate travel. On the day of the purchase, it incurred most of its \$3.6B-million first-quarter loss on widespread layoffs by high-tech companies that had fled the business traffic seats.

The deal with Skyservice also permits Air Canada’s entry into the discount carrier business, which may send Ottawa’s Competition Bureau into a tizzy. Battling the discount crowd might also prove difficult in static contrast to Air Canada, Calgary-based Westjet—a low-priced carrier that expanded its capacity by 67 per cent over the past year, announced a first-quarter profit of \$5.8 million,



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The camera doesn't lie

An Ontario police officer was suspended after the broadcast of a videotape showing him banging a woman's head against a patrol car. The woman of an apartment overlooking the street where the incident happened last November videotaped the beating, but did not release the tape until last week.

GUILTY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

It took 30 years to bring former Ku Klux Klan member Thomas Blanton, Jr. to trial for the murder of four black girls in the 1963 bombing of Birmingham's 16th Street Baptist Church. But it took a jury only 2½ hours to convict him. Blanton, 62, the second of the four suspects to be convicted of murder over the incident, was sentenced to life in prison.

Defeat, B.C.-style

Is B.C. Premier Ujjal Dosanjh conceding defeat? When a reporter drew his attention to how badly the New Democrats were trailing in the polls—a recent Campus民意 survey shows 64 per cent of declared voters supporting or leaning to the Liberals—he didn’t mount the *slingshot* argument. “I understand what the numbers mean,” he said. “You’re not telling me anything new.”

PUMPED-UP FEARS

To Canada’s nervous pipeline customers recently hit with costs in two weeks, some analysts worried about a little price spike by summer. But supplier heads and short-term fuel suppliers are passing up prices, the *Financial Times* reports. In crude oil futures for regular gas last week, it costs

St. John's	\$48.95
Maritimes	\$37.3
Halifax	\$37.1
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Calgary	\$74.4
Winnipeg	\$61.8
Vancouver	\$12.7
Canada	\$71.1

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Saving Our Schools

BY JOHN SCHOFIELD

On a bright spring day in Toronto, a weather-beaten candy wrapper blew skittishly across the schoolyard at Valley Park Middle School, disappearing into piles of trash. The place was a mess—in more ways than one. A month-long strike by janitors, custodians and other support staff had virtually closed the country's largest school board, leaving buildings in disarray and 300,000 frustrated students and their parents to fend for themselves. Cockroaches and mice infested at some deserted classrooms. In the washrooms, the intensity of the odour was stomach-turning. Not nearly as strong, however, as the anger outside. It was the third strike to hit the Toronto District School Board in the past three years. Last week,

in the wake of back-to-work legislation, support workers grudgingly returned to school. But the city's students felt like the biggest losers. "It's been like a war every year," says Bronwyn Underhill, an outgoing 18-year-old in her last year at Malvern Collegiate Institute. "And that's not what education should be all about."

MEET THE LOCAL HEROES WHO ARE ADDRESSING THE CRISIS IN THE CLASSROOM

One hundred and thirty years after it was conceived by Egerton Ryerson, the first superintendent of education for what was then Canada West, Canada's public-school system is struggling under the strain of funding cuts, labour strife and the needs of an increasingly diverse student body. The signs of stress abound. Demoralized teachers and support staff are leaving the system in droves. A growing shortage of teachers threatens to cripple the system: Statistics Canada estimates that school districts across Canada this year are already suffering from a shortfall of 20,000 teachers. Meanwhile, trustees,



■ **RVA ingenuity and grit,** Mr. McLaughlin is reinvigorating an inner-city Vancouver school

hamstringing by strict provincial funding formulas, are closing schools and cutting subjects once taken for granted, such as art, music and physical education, as well as many special-ed programs. More than ever, parents and teachers are digging deep into their pockets to pay for textbooks and classroom supplies. And as they do so, a growing number of Canadians are beginning to question whether the system can survive—and if so, how.

The road to salvation seems far from clear. Some provincial governments are turning to the marketplace for inspiration, demanding greater accountability, more standardized testing and wider school choice for parents. Innovative school districts, spurned by the funding crunch, are charting their own course for renewal. They have been joined by a new army of parent volunteers and activists, fighting to save the system.

An increasing number of parents, however, fed up with the fighting and a perceived decline in quality, are opting out. An estimated 80,000 families across Canada now educate their children at home. And in the past 10 years, the number of students enrolling in independent schools has risen by 23 per cent. Last fall, Halifax business administrator Terry Tenuak and his wife, Janice Greene, a caterer, enrolled their seven-year-old son, Dared, in Bedford Elementary Academy, a new private school where tuition is set at \$3,800 and class sizes are limited to 16. "There are a lot of issues with our public schools here," says Tenuak. "Now we don't have to deal with that nonsense."

For the vast majority of Canadians, however, opting out is not an option. The public-school system still serves 95 per cent of the country's school-age children. But too many of those students are failing through the cracks. Canada's high-school graduation rate at age 18 is among the lowest in the industrialized world. Public confidence in the overall system is mediocre at best: in a Gallup poll conducted this year, less than half of the respondents reported that they are satisfied with the education that Canadian children are receiving. In Ontario, polling by researchers at the University of Western Ontario Institute for Studies in Education shows that the percentage of those who believe public education is improving has dropped from more than 35 per cent in 1979 to less than 20 per cent last year.

The doubts are well-founded. Since 1995, the percentage of provincial wealth devoted to education has declined dramatically. While such provinces as Saskatchewan and Alberta are gradually beginning to recover, the resources fall far short of the hundreds



■ A founder of People For Education, and mother of Molly and Karla, Kildon tracks how schools have been starved of resources

of millions of dollars cut from education across Canada during the 1990s. "The anxiety over public education is far more widespread than ever before," says Michael Fulmer, dean of OISE and an expert on education reform. "But people are also far more interested in what we're going to do about it."

Rocked by a steady series of contentious school reforms, Ontario has emerged as the epicenter of discontent. Since 1995, the Conservative government of Premier Mike Harris has revamped the curriculum, imposed a strict funding formula, reduced the powers of school boards, increased the workload for high-school teachers, and threatened mandatory supervision of extracurricular activities. Recently, it introduced a brand-new round of reforms that call for standardized testing in every grade and offer more school choice for parents.

People for Education, a province-wide parental advocacy group, has systematically chronicled how elementary schools have been starved of resources. In its most recent tracking report, the group reported that students in 66 per cent of the 960 Ontario schools surveyed had to share teacher-aide special needs students in many cases were working more than a year for assessments, and 85 per cent of schools had only a part-time principal. "There's an ad hoc quality to these changes," says Asst. Prof. Karla Kildon, a Toronto mother of two and a founder of the group. "And there's a danger that we'll actually reform public education to death."

The turmoil spreads far beyond Ontario. In Nova Scotia last year, strict cuts to education ignited angry protests across the province, eventually persuading the government to soften the blow. Even so, school boards are slashing millions of dollars, schools are being closed and teachers are losing their jobs. Many Newfoundlanders are still smarting from the massive disruption caused by their province's move to non-denominational

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Edmonton experiments with a diversity of choice

When Phyllis Cardinal was a junior-high student in Edmonton, one of her teachers made a blunt assessment of her future prospects: "He told me I would never make much of myself and I should think about becoming a chambermaid," recalls Cardinal. The young Cardinal, though she adored her teacher, had a child—and found a job at a chambermaid. "I earned a week's pay with a smile," Cardinal subsequently earned a teaching diploma as well as a masters and PhD in education. At 45, she is principal of the Annskaway Academy, a predominantly aboriginal high school that is one of 29 "programs of choice" offered by the Edmonton Public School Board. "The system hasn't worked for our people," says Cardinal. "To undo what was done in the past is a very difficult task."

Like all Edmonton public schools, the Annskaway Academy, which opened last fall and now has about 230 students, follows the provincial curriculum. But it also brings a unique aboriginal perspective to the task. Each class begins the day with a seven-glass purification circle and a prayer. The school year is divided into four aboriginal themes, based on the seasons, with elders providing guidance through storytelling, sweat lodges, ghost dances and other ceremonies. The idea, says Cardinal, is to build the students' sense of cultural identity. "I think people who are successful," she adds, "are those who know who they are."

The Annskaway Academy was founded to address a very specific concern: a high-school dropout rate of more than 75 per cent among Edmonton's rapidly growing aboriginal student population. But it is also part of a larger experiment in school choice. Largely in response to the challenges posed by parent-run charter schools and private schools, the Edmonton public board has dramatically expanded the number and variety of alternative programs offered within the public system. Today these include Christian-oriented and Jewish schools,

an all-girls' junior-high program, a Indigenous 10 Grade 12 arts school and a Grade 7 to 12 program that focuses on Canadian studies and military history. Emily Donaldson, the resource superintendent of Edmonton Public Schools, sums up his philosophy this way: "Serve your customers and they will return with your opinions. If you don't satisfy them, someone else will."

So far, the approach seems to be working. Edmonton Public, which was losing students when Donaldson took over in 1995, has gained them at a rate exceeding the population growth every year since. Even so, Donaldson has faced criticism that segregating students according to race, religion or gender undermines the principle of public education. He counters that, because the aboriginal population remains under the public umbrella, there is accountability. And in the case of Annskaway Academy, he adds, students whom both the public and private systems have often forgotten are now being served. "We will honour the kids who come out of this school as role models," says Donaldson, "and they in turn, will push to turn things around."

Brian Bergman in Edmonton



■ Battling a high dropout rate among aboriginal students, Cardinal's school fosters a cultural identity

schools. In British Columbia, a battle royal is shaping up between teachers and premiers-appointed Gordon Campbell, who has repeatedly vowed to reverse teachers' right to strike if he wins office in the May 16 election. In Alberta, most teachers' contracts expire on Aug. 31, and union leaders are making it clear they expect the same double-digit wage increases that the province has granted to doctors and nurses.

The unions only compound the difficulties of a system struggling to meet the needs of increasingly diverse communities. Take British Columbia's Richmond School District: students in the suburban Vancouver board represent 75 distinct languages and cultures. And that's in the policy—now common across Canada—of integrating special-needs students in regular classrooms. Richmond has three times the provincial average of autism children. The number of students in English-as-a-second-language programs has jumped from 300 a decade ago to 7,000. Add to that a liberal sprinkling of children with behavioural problems and troubled family backgrounds. "It's a much more complicated world than it was when I started in 1976," says David Chodznevsky, president of the B.C. Teachers' Federation. "Kids come

to so much more complex home and social problems than ever before."

The challenges seem daunting, and tragic solutions are in desperately short supply. But from his base in CISI's bucolic-like building in downtown Toronto, Fallon has been jetting around the world for years, helping leaders in government and education visualize their ailing public-school systems. Though far from a household name in his own land, the 60-year-old academic is recognized as one of the world's foremost authorities on educational reform. Through years of hands-on work, Fallon has proven that successful reform is achievable. But it is never an easy task. "There's a fair amount of inertia in the public-school system," says Fallon, a product of Toronto separate school during the 1950s. "We've invested a bureaucracy, and there are a lot of bad habits that have accrued."

In recent years, Fallon has garnered attention as the guiding light behind the impressive turnaround of England's public-school system. As head of the team evaluating the effectiveness of reforms at the elementary level, he flies there at least three times a year. The government of Prime Minister Tony Blair has based its approach on Fallon's belief that educational change is doomed without equal measures of government pressure and compassionate support for those on the ground. Schools must be given the tools to heal themselves. That's where governments often fall down because support requires strategically directed investment and a generous dollop of grittiness. "The time line for implementation," says Fallon, "is always longer than the next election."

Poured by his own passion for education as "the great liberator," Blair began implementing his strategy for renewal within days of taking office in 1997. Working closely with Michael Barber, a former education professor at the University of London, Blair developed a plan that brings on three main initiatives: the National Literacy and Numeracy Strategy at the elementary level; fundamental reforms to secondary education, due to



Sowing seeds of renewal

WITH tulips blooming in the playground and lettuce ready for harvest, it is hard to think of *Groundhog Day* with elementary as a school year ago. But that is no daydream. Of the 185 schools in the east-end Vancouver school, 52 per cent are First Nations (Vancouver's motto means "Groundhog") in the Non-Status language, 30 per cent are recent immigrants or refugees. For years, the children at this school have had abysmal literacy and poverty, family dysfunction and the tyranny of low expectations, plus local

debtors, pimps and gang, hungry for re-crats. In early 1996, another villain emerged: a former U.S. marine threatening to blow up the school and to shoot the principal, a youth worker and the mother of a student, his ex-girlfriend. He taunted them for months, until he was caught that May and jailed. The death threat exacted a toll: one-quarter of students and 60 per cent of staff left.

What has happened since is a bit of a miracle, like a spring garden. In the fall of 1996, Joek McLachlan, a handy New Zealand transplant, took over as vice-principal and thus, shortly after, as principal. He found a school still in tatters,

■ **Barber believes that educational reform is doomed without compassionate support for those on the ground:** striking workers in Toronto last month



trained in more effective methods of teaching reading, writing and math.

Despite controversy over some aspects of the plan, including an initiative linking teacher pay and performance, the Blair strategy appears to be working. After four years, the percentage of 11-year-olds testing in the top two levels of the national literacy test has risen from 56 per cent in 1996 to 79 per cent last year, and the results for numeracy are equally im-

pressive. That helped establish three main goals: improving literacy and numeracy, upgrading computer technology and rebuilding the shattered community. The first two required money, the third, trust. The shift was simple but profound. Quarreling for the community, anti-working wall-to-wall, from hell-bentness to school beatification, McLachlan was determined that the school become a community resource. He and his staff looked beyond the cash-strapped neighbourhood for corporate help: companies from IBM and local law firms, a bouncy grant from Starbucks, garden supplier from Home Depot. An anonymous

benevolent from wealthy West Vancouver helped pay for an Open Court language program, introduced in 1997. The highly structured phonics-based system has proved effective in inner-city schools with students lacking basic language skills. Within the first year half the children reached their grade level. This year, more than 70 per cent should meet or exceed the same.

Then there is the garden. The inspiration of volunteer Lilie Pever, at a place of flowers, new trees, native plants and something more—24 community garden plots. The gardens drew people after hours, creating a safe and welcoming

space. In addition, students in the lowest performing areas of the country have exceeded the national average in literacy in only four years, while the poorest performers in numeracy have achieved the same rise in only two years. Says Barber, head of the standards and effectiveness unit in the department for education and employment: "The government is demonstrating that you can reform publicly provided education and it can win parental confidence."

The Blair reforms also bear Fallon's mark in other respects, including the key role given to testing. While many educators today take aim at policy-makers for their apparent obsession with standardized tests, Fallon argues that testing based on clear standards can provide the leverage needed to improve the system from its slumber in the age of accountability, he argues, testing is not going away. It's beyond fad! It's not the new score that counts, but what you do with them. By pinpointing areas of weakness, testing can be a catalyst for improvement. "I think it's sensible for the public to say, 'We want to know how our schools are doing,'" says Fallon. "But unless educators build up their ability to work with testing, it's going to be a blunt instrument."

Even more important, England's emphasis on professional development underlines the essential role that teachers play in educational change and the critical importance of collaboration in breaking down teachers' traditional isolation. Research shows that the impact of a talented teacher on a child is much greater than enrollment in a particular school. Fallon's philosophy also recognizes the value of a

"backyard" for a neighbourhood sadly lacking parks. Grade 7 student Steven Israel, who has attended Gaudet now for two years, talks of remaking in 10 years to find a flourishing garden. She is as confident of this as she is of her own future. Israel, of Solomon descent, intends to be an Islamic scholar and a child psychologist. She shares her principals' stubborn streak. "I've heard many people say most of these kids won't get past Grade 8," she says with a flush of anger. "I hate it. I hate going to tell me I'm not going past Grade 8. Come on, that's just so mean."

Ken MacQueen is a Vancouver

among principal is building an effective school. Last year, the Blair government demonstrated its commitment to developing top principals when it opted the state-of-the-art National College for School Leadership at the University of Nottingham.

Oddly, governments in Falstaff can't afford have been slow to embrace his prescription for change. In a climate of fiscal constraint, the provinces have moved quickly to make school districts more accountable, but have shown less enthusiasm for offering support. The missing link is money. If anything, support in the form of resources or teacher training has been chopped. Canadian educators who have launched Fullan-style reforms have relied instead on private funding.

A grant from the Walter and Duncan Gordon Foundation and Fullan's personal involvement helped spearhead an outstanding Canadian initiative in 1999: the Manitoba School Improvement Program Inc. Fullan chaired the program's educational advisory committee for six years. The non-profit organization's mission is to improve the learning experiences and outcomes of secondary-school students by building a school's ability to engage them actively in their learning. At the behest of individual schools, MSpI consultants kick-start a process of dialogue and exploration involving students, staff, parents and the community before undertaking a five-year commitment to provide assistance, including modest annual grants. In the early 1990s, Winnipeg Glenview Collegiate sought help to reverse a spiralling dropout rate. Among other things, the grants were used to rehire counsellors and train teachers in new skills. Since 1992, the school's graduation rate has improved by 15 per cent. About 43 schools have agreed to maintain an ongoing relationship to guarantee continuous improvement. "Schools direct their own improvement journey," says Sharon Polson, the program's executive director. "Our change is slow, and it's really hard work. It's all about risk-taking."

Powered by \$750,000 in private funding that year,

The reading coach wears a blue baseball cap

Every classroom has its rules. At the 19-kid-strong primary at Churchill Elementary School in the outskirts of Sydney, N.S., must abide by a special one: don't bug Mrs. MacDonald when she's wearing her baseball hat. The hat is a signal for everybody to pay attention to their actions so that she



■ MacDonald takes her students back to the basics

can focus on a special group-reading lesson. But the hat is just one of the tools Susan MacDonald's made. Some days she wears wild, hand-painted aviator sunglasses. Occasionally, the veteran of 30 years in the public-school trenches has to resort to her iron-and-mouse slippers. The goals: to ensure that kids leave the classroom feeling successful. "She's like good reading start at the very beginning," she says. "For us to do a child self-esteem."

Welcome to Churchill Elementary, which faces an uncertain future as the Nova Scotia government considers another round of school closures. Located in a blue-collar section of Sydney, the 41-year-old school badly needs

an exterior paint job. Churchill, moreover, lacks a gymnasium, a cafeteria and a breakfast program and runs no extracurricular activities. It's the antithesis of a big-city public school. And that may be precisely why it works. "This school doesn't have all the bells and whistles," says Kim Sadler, whose son Nathan, 10, is enrolled in Grade 5. "It just sticks to the basics."

It helps that the school has only 104 students—and that each teacher has an average of 20 students. But sticking to the basics also means early literacy is a continuing priority for a five-member teaching staff, who share the same innovative approach to teaching Dick and Jane that ABCs. "We have a fortnightly meeting of the minis," says principal Barb MacInnis, who also teaches Grade 1. Like all schools in Nova Scotia, Churchill meets the requirements set out by the provincial government and the local school board: two hours daily of reading and writing, a program that teaches students at a pace and using materials that fit their individual literacy level. But the teachers at Churchill also implement some of the early-reading strategies that MacInnis learned while working as a Reading Recovery expert to help problem readers. And, despite dwindling funding, the staff have been willing to scrounge to acquire new books for students in the lower grades.

The goal is not just to teach children to read and write. At Churchill, reinventing the classroom is also a way of building confidence—a critical issue for children growing up in an economically depressed city. That explains the manner that MacDonald's primary students appear at the start of every day: "I am great! I am smart! I will try my best! I will be kind to my friend! I will use good manners!" At this school, sticking to the basics is a means to inspire the soul as well as the brain.

John DeMont in Sydney

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the Ottawa-Carleton District School Board's Beacon School program also relies on a spirit of dialogue to integrate schools more closely with their surrounding neighbourhood. Established last year, the initiative gives principals at 20 schools, all with a high percentage of needy students, new freedom to foster community partnerships. Cornwall Public School, for instance, serves downtown Ottawa's low-income neighbourhoods, and as catchment area includes emergency housing. Ten to 15 per cent of its students are technically homeless at any given time. In Suzanne Schreiner's kindergarten class, the teacher is scrambling eggs—supplementing what may have been a meagre breakfast for each child, and her lessons. With her pupils sitting politely at low tables with



ingham tablecloths, Schreiner begins serving the snack. "This is how you eat at a party with good manners," she tells the children. Signs on the wall offer harmonious messages: "We listen to each other. Hands are for helping, not hurting."

In the school's largest partnership, members of a local Kwanza Club chapter come to once a week to read stories to children one-on-one, a literacy-building exercise that few of them do with their parents. Teaching English is a particular challenge as Cornwall because many of the children's parents have low literacy levels themselves. "Kids who need the most tend to be reached through the schools," says principal Nancy Douglas. "We need to feed them and clothe them. We can't do our jobs if we don't do that first." Barb Stoffler, a superintendent with the board who spearheaded the program, says the effort is much out of the community has also been motivated by the difficult funding environment that schools face today. "We've been forced to become more creative in how we handle things," she says. "You can't stand alone anymore."

Elsewhere, as in England, educators have responded to challenging times by expanding the role of the principal and giving schools more independence. By offering a dramatic degree of autonomy to principals and their schools, Edmonton Public Schools have earned an international reputation for providing choice within the public system. The board offers 31 distinct programs, including two Christian schools, a soccer academy and a Spanish academy. Fully 38 per cent of students attend schools outside their catchment area. While the pros and cons of choice are hotly debated, Edmonton superintendent Emery Dossal is convinced he's giving local families what they want, and that his principals and teachers are key to the board's success. "Ninety-two cents of every available dollar here goes to the schools," says Dossal. "I hold my principals accountable to get me the results."

In the final analysis, says Fullan, the only meaningful result is how well school systems narrow the achievement gap between those same and least-advantaged students. No system is better positioned to do that than public education. "If you're not working on closing those gaps," he says, "you'll have an education that's not surviving in the system. There will be greater creation, greater come and greater health bills." A society's success in sounding that fire comes down to whether its leaders see education as a cost or an investment—and how much it really values in young members. "Every one says our most precious resource is our children," says Dossal of Edmonton Public Schools. "But that's a myth. If they believed that, our spending priorities would be a whole lot different." Among the many lessons of school reform, that one may be the most basic.

With Ken MacQueen in Edmonton and Sue Bryant in Toronto

How would you fix the public education system?

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Canada

A photo exhibit captures the magic of a prime minister's early years in office

Photography by Peter Bregg

Trudeau Remembered

Maclean's Photo Editor Peter Bregg first started covering Pierre Elliott Trudeau at the Liberal leadership convention in 1968. After Trudeau became prime minister, Bregg continued to follow him, as a photographer with The Canadian Press and Associated Press. He has fond memories of that time. "Trudeau liked to do everything," Bregg recalls. "My first trip with him was in July, 1968, up to the Arctic. The Prime Minister's Office had us to eat anything—we would eat on the plane. The first thing they served was salmon. I was 19 years old, from Hull, Que., and they were my first shrimp and I loved it, sitting at 30,000 feet with the prime minister of the country. Then the next course was Chinese food and the steward handed me chopsticks. I looked at them and quickly asked for a knife and fork. The PM overheard me. 'Dear god, you know how to use chopsticks?' he asked. Now, I regret. 'Well, here, I'll show you.' So I can claim it was the prime minister of the land who taught me to use chopsticks."

Fifty of Bregg's favorite Trudeau photographs, some never published, make up his exhibit *Adieu à Pierre Trudeau* (The Early Years), running from May 7 to 19 as part of the Contact 08 fifth annual Toronto Photography Festival. Maclean's presents some of the images, with Bregg's reminiscences.

■ In August, 1970, Trudeau visited the Northwest Territories. Here, he is standing below Vansdeh Falls. He had a habit of holding this place long enough for you to get your pictures. He was wearing a seven photographer's dress. No one else take a picture of that guy without it becoming a front-page picture."





■ "This picture from the October, 1972, election campaign hasn't been published before. In the carb days, anything that happened on the prime minister's plane was considered off the record. The PM comes back to our section and, for some reason, just stuck his tongue out. I made one lucky shot."



■ "Trudeau showed up wearing a silk summer-weight suit with avocet at the June, 2008, garden party at Rideau Hall. U.S. ambassador W. Wilson Buttenwieser is wearing the protocol clothing of the day. In the years following, people stopped wearing the formal attire and I think Trudeau set the style and protocol for what followed."



■ "During the 1972 campaign, Trudeau encouraged mass entry protesters in Chomeday. One guy was very vocal. The prime minister reached out, pulled a placard out of his hand and took it in half with a big smile. The look on the demonstrator's face is clear: 'How can a prime minister do this?' Trudeau wasn't a very nice person—when people were shouting, he wasn't beyond screaming or shouting back, often putting them on the spot. He wasn't afraid of anyone."



■ "The PM would sometimes walk to the Centre Block for Question Period. Security wasn't as strict as it was after the War Measures Act of 1914; once in a while people, like these schoolgirls in 1965, would recruit him. One young girl wanted to know what it would be like to touch a prime minister. She reached out, poked him in the arm and then ran off screaming, 'I touched the prime minister! I touched the prime minister!'

Canada

WHEN GOOD COWS GO BAD



By John Intini in Woodstock

With the coming of spring, new calves at Finsdale Farms have emerged from the barn to test their spindly legs on pastures growing greener by the day. But Finsdale's peaceful image hides a harsh reality that begins at sunrise when owner John Yaelstein starts his workday. His first task on this 900-cow dairy farm near Woodstock, Ont., is to fill a foot bath with the disinfectant Vicksin. He then asks a visitor to wash his shoes in the highly toxic solution before putting on plastic shoe covers and a pair of clean coveralls. During this spring of discontent, such precautions are grimly repeated across Canada as besieged farmers ponder a nightmare: the feared arrival of foot-and-mouth disease.

Since the outbreak began in Britain in

February, nearly 2.4 million sheep, pigs and cows have been destroyed there. The disease, which causes blisters around the feet and mouth of cloven-hoofed animals, has also spread to the Netherlands—where another 80,000 animals are set to be put down—and to Ireland and France. And

Canadian farmers fear foot-and-mouth disease will soon spread to Canada

even though the number of new cases of the disease has slowed of late, the carriage has cast a long shadow over Canada's \$4.5-billion livestock industry. Many believe it is only a matter of time before the scourge invades Canada, and they claim the gov-



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'If it's found near my farm, my family might as well pack up and walk away. The government would exterminate everything. It would be all over for us.'

head of cattle on the 1,800-acre One Tree Ranch near Parcels, Alta. "They always said it took them the rest of their lives to recover. We can't let it happen again." More than money is at stake, says Jim Baeten, manager with The Baetens. "The cowdisease men are way up because people are watching their lives being destroyed. The same thing would happen here."

Across Canada, many prestigious cattle shows, including the 25-year-old Ontario Halton Spring Show, have been cancelled because of fears the disease could be carried here by a buyer from Europe. There are concerns that Ontario's world-famous Royal Agricultural Winter Fair held each November may also be postponed. "Those running the shows have asked Europeans not to come to make sure nothing crazy happens," says John Martin, co-owner of Matthews Heifers in Woodstock, Ont. Like Yasminian, Martin, the owner of a 200-cow spread, is taking no chances. He too has asked visitors to disinfect and wear protective clothing.

Canada's position as a world leader in cattle genetics means Canadian farmers should benefit in the long run, providing new cattle need for European farmers to replenish their herds. Still, big questions remain whether British farmers will be able to afford new stock—if they still even want to rebuild an industry so hard hit in recent years, first by mad-cow disease and now by foot-and-mouth. Now, even though North America is far removed from foot-and-mouth free, Canadian dairy farmers are starting to feel an economic pinch. Martin, who operates his family's 70-year-old farm with his father, Doug, says just before the outbreak he sold a cow for \$25,000 to an English buyer. "The cow is supposed to have been shipped to England already, but with the ban in place it's not going anywhere," says Martin.

The danger is expected to grow as winter comes, much as summer passes. While airports are taking precautions—with man to disinfect shoes and boots—

farmers are still concerned scenarios will slip through the cracks. (Search dogs have also been deployed at airports to search out food products arriving from Europe that could contain foot-and-mouth bacteria.) Frédéric Ménard, a veterinarian with the Canadian Food Inspection Agency in Ottawa, says the government is well aware of the threat and is expanding its information campaign to make people aware of the problem. But that does little to ease farmers' concerns. "I was talking to someone who flew into Detroit from Europe just because he got a cheaper flight," says Yacoubi. "Then he came across the Canadian border with no questions asked."

Being near an airport deeply troubles 66-year-old dairy farmer Paul Eberle, who operates Quality Holsteins in Woodbridge—only 15 km away from Toronto's Pearson International Airport. "You can't be paranoid, but you have to be careful," he says, glancing adoringly at the picture of his prize-winning dairy cattle covering the walls of his home office. "All it takes is one mistake."

Worried farmers have already forced the federal government to keep some Europeans out of the country. In early April, pressure from Western conference forced the British army to cancel a training mission for 1,000 British troops at CFB Suffield in southern Alberta. A second exercise scheduled for June could also be canceled. "If they don't get things together in the U.K. by June," says Massegoe, "we're going to start holding again."

Others are frustrated with the example set by Prince Charles, who visited Ontario, Saskatchewan and the Yukon in late April with an entourage of 35 people—most from Britain. It was not enough, they say, that he stepped onto an disinfection before stepping onto the red carpet upon his arrival in Ottawa. "Why did he have to come over now?" says Paul Baden, a 58-year-old cattle breeder from Cambridge. "British farmers would never think to travel right now. It was way too big a risk." With foot-and-mouth still a threat, Canadian cattlemen are in for a long autumn summer. ■



■ Foot-and-mouth came close on a special disinfection mat when Prince Charles stepped off the plane for his recent Canadian visit.

'GOD'S COUNTRY'

Former Negro league players found their fields of dreams in small towns across Canada



By Michael Snider in Bradford

There was a time when Jimmy Wilkes was so fast he could chase down a fly ball in deep centre field that looked like it was going to be a sure triple. Wilkes was so fast that when the 19-year-old Philadelphia native broke into the Negro leagues in 1945, his teammates called him "Seabiscuit" after the thoroughbred that burned up the track during the Great Depression. Now 75 and living in Brantford, Ont., near the diamond where he finished his playing days, Wilkes recalls those times in his leaf through yellowed newspaper clippings and faded black-and-white photos. "For, oh yeah," he says. "I'd get on first, you might as well put me on second. Just like the same as a double."

Wilkes started his professional career with the Newark Eagles after a short stint in the army during the Second World War, and in 1946, helped his team win the Negro League World Series against the legendary Satchel Paige and the Kansas City Monarchs. Over the next few seasons, he played with and against fo-

ne Hall of Famers Josh Gibson, Roy Campanella, Larry Doby, Hank Aaron, Jackie Robinson—before heading north to sign on with the Brantford Red Sox of Ontario's Intercounty Major Baseball League in 1956.

Then Paige, Satchel took me out three times in a row. He used to kick down an up of you and knock! The ball would be right there. And look, look Gibson. He was the Baby Ruth in our league. He could

bein' a long way. If they would have made the colour line earlier, he would have broke all kinds of records in home runs.

The **Brantford Lions** hired Wilkes with a city public works job by day and, for \$500 a month, a chance to play ball under the lights at night and on weekends. Tired of life on the road and sickened by the storms he experienced on road trips in the Deep South, Wilkes jumped at the chance to cross the border. Wilkes was one of dozens of black ball players who migrated north to Canada's semi-professional teams after the U.S. Negro leagues slowly died when Robinson broke the colour barrier in 1947. Some returned home over the years, others played out their careers in Canada. A few, like Wilkes, became crusaders and never looked back.

It was a new experience living here. It was God's country, that's all I can say. I didn't have anyone like I had down there in the States, no racial things. I was always surrounded by well people around us. They always treated us well.

For decades, black players had suffered from Jim Crow laws that enforced segregation in such public facilities as schools, restaurants, hotels—and ball diamonds. Although organized baseball never formally banned black players, major-league teams increasingly never recruited them. Locked out, blacks formed their own leagues, which began to flourish in the 1930s. All-



pressure, and players not yet ready for the big time or just past their prime signed with Canadian teams like the Brandon Greys in Manitoba, the Indian Head Rockets in Regina and the Brantford Red Sox.

Jackie was well informed, and that's where I started him for Encouragement! Oh yeah! We never mentioned him real close. It was everyone's big秘密.

It was a better life in Canada for the black Americans, says baseball historian Bill Humber, author of *Decades of the North: A Concise History of Baseball in Canada*. Local baseball, according to Humber, a teacher at Toronto's Sir Casper College, relied on civic boosterism and private entrepre-

'It was a new experience here—no racial things. I was always surprised how well people liked us'

black games regularly drew 20,000 fans to parks such as Cornelia Park in Chicago or Ebbets Field in Brooklyn, N.Y., while the white horse trains were on the road. By the late 1940s, as baseball became more integrated, the black ball players began signing with major-league teams. The black ball fans, captivated by the trials and triumphs of Robinson, followed by the likes of Doby, Ernie Banks and Willie Mays, came out to watch their heroes in the majors. As attendance in the Negro leagues dwindled, several teams collapsed under financial

means who felt obliged to put money back into the community. Some teams could afford to hire talented ball players like Jimmy Wilkes, explains Humber. "They'd say, 'Look, we can't pay you what they pay in the minor or major leagues, but we can provide you with a job and security and the chance to play a pretty competitive level of baseball.'" In turn, the prompted ball players drew thousands of fans.

Even before the postwar arrival of Negro league veterans, Canada had a century-old, rich history of black baseball. Escaping



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'I still won't go today,' says Wilkes, who turned his back on the South



Wilkes played with baseball icons banned from the major leagues because of their race.

started yelling at me to get up and was saying the N word. I don't mind being called black or a Negro, but I don't like the word nigger. We also had to put up with taunting on the other side of the street, look at the houses and crap like that. Even when I got signed with the Dodgers organization, they had to bring the food to us in the bus. We sat on the bus and sleep on the bus, because we couldn't eat in no restaurants till we'd get in the big room. Then we'd find coloured diners.

In his prime, Wilkes was good enough to catch the eye of the Brooklyn Dodgers. In 1950, they invited him to spring training, where he rubbed shoulders with Robinson, Campanella and Don Newcombe, but the

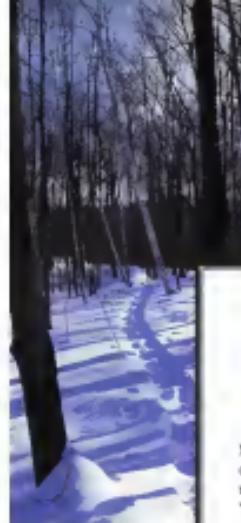
Double-A affiliate in Birmingham, Ala., Wilkes asked for his release, refusing to step foot again across the Mason-Dixon line. "I said, 'No way,' he recalls. "I still won't go today," instead, Wilkes signed with the Indianapolis Clowns, a black barnstorming team featuring an 18-year-old infielder named Hank Aaron, whose low-line drives would go from home plate to the outfield wall without scoring more than a foot.

We had a tough schedule. After the ball game, each time, you'd go to the grocery store and buy more sandwiches and crackers and buy the bus for the road for the next game. Only time you had a bed was on the aeroplane, where you'd go to sleep soon after before a doubleheader.

Traveling through Upstate New York and southern Ontario in 1953, Wilkes was impressed by Montreal owner Harry Rosenfeld that he accepted an immediate offer to come north. Wilkes arrived a year later as a 28-year-old and spent 10 years with the club, five of which were championship seasons. In 1964, after the last honourable year, he traded in his bat and mitt for an unmarked suit, traveling the intercollegiate circuit and officiating games for the next 27 years.

After the fifth championship, I said, "Well, boy, it's time to hang 'em up." I was almost 40 and I could see myself slowing down. They crossed gazing me going down to first base. I was getting out by our top when suddenly I'd be across the bag. And on the onefield, I'd suddenly be waiting on the ball, but I was just gazing there.

The crossover came back with ease as Wilkes sat in his leather. One run above all others: the seventh game of the 1966 World Series against Peoria's Monarchs. Kansas City had taken the first three, but Wilkes' Eagles had come back to tie the series. "We were leading them," he recalls. "They had two runs on, and Buck O'Neil was at bat. He hit a ball high, to left center, for sure it would have been a triple, and I went and got it. He said to me after, 'You little son-of-a-bitch. You won the World Series for them.' That's why they put me out there. If it was in the ball park, I'd get it." In his memories, Jerry Wilkes can still fly. ■



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ANATOMY OF AN EXECUTION

By Robert Sheppard in Terre Haute

In a downy, verdant field in rural Indiana, a few thousand people will pass a dark spring night next week waiting for the ran to come up and a room to die. Inside an otherwise nondescript brick building a few hundred meters away, about 40 officers will bear direct witness to the execution. From the four glass-in viewing rooms at the federal penitentiary just outside this small midwestern town. Another 300 or so, family members of the 168 men, women and children Timothy McVeigh killed with a truck bomb in Oklahoma City six years ago in the worst act of terrorism on American soil, will take in his final moments on closed-circuit television at a second prison in Oklahoma. But make no mistake—although only the designated will actually see McVeigh succumb to a dose of lethal chemicals in shortly after 7 a.m. central time on Wednesday, May 16, this is a public occasion of the first order. An entire nation will be watching for the first word, much of it on breakfast TV.

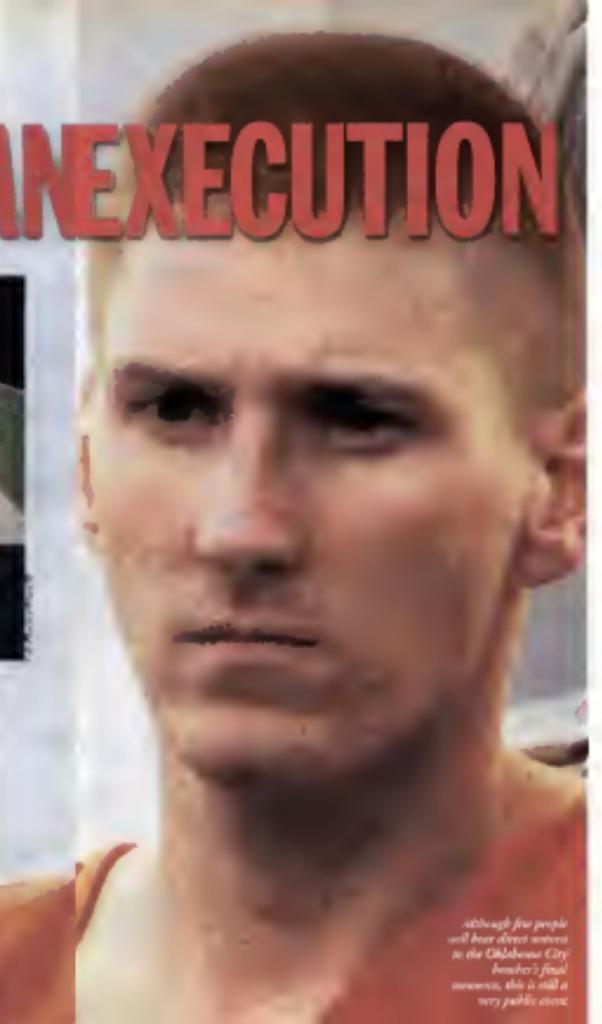
On the flowing grass knolls that surround the prison property, a flagpole-like concoction of satellite masts, wedding-band wires, cable reels and telephone seven is being assembled to service nearly 1,600 members of the news media, many there for an almost week-long deathwatch. Given the logistics involved, some are calling it America's first catered execution.

Just after midnight on May 16, buses will begin marching in anywhere from a few hundred to a few thousand demonstrators—the pro-death penalty crowd and the abolitionists—so designated “protesting points” (as warden Hurley Lappin likes to call them) on the 33-acre prison site. The groups will be at least 500 m apart, separated by makeshift mounds through the fields to be travelled only by accredited media on golf carts—no more than three cars per news organization is the rule Lappin has laid down. Grief counselors will be on hand for those family members who witness the execution, public relations officials for those who want to be guided to the media area. The entire event has been meticulously planned for

On May 16, Timothy McVeigh will die in an Indiana town. The event is already becoming a circus

months by at least three different federal departments and local authorities—hyper-organization creeping in where solemnity fears to tread. Leave aside for the moment the emotionally charged debate about capital punishment—Americans are more than willing to take that one on. The unspoken element of the McVeigh execution is that it is a triumph of inactivity, where both the victim’s right movement and the mainstream press have placed their hands on the trigger in the formal phrasing. Throw in a dollop of ever-present midwestern politeness, with its constant “y’alls” and mild-moderate graciousness, and what’s left is a kind of McDeath, an extraordinary event made ordinary with a nod to transparency and conveyor-belt efficiency.

Of course, the McVeigh execution is highly unusual. In most years, with the annual number of executions in the United States creeping up into the high 90s—nearly two per week, most of them in southern states like Texas and Virginia—the death penalty has become a topic of heated discussion in many quarters. But there has never been



Although few people will bear direct witness to the Oklahoma City bomber's final moments, this is still a very public event

anything like this. Across the United States, columnists and TV pundits rage about whether the 33-year-old McVeigh should die quickly or slowly—or be forced to waste away in a federal pen. Canada-style, so he doesn’t become a martyr for his cause. “Execution too easy for him,” says the crusty sheriff at the choicer corner of a Terre Haute road. “That’s just exactly what he wants.” One side defense: the American Society of Newspaper Editors turned aside White House pleas to tone down the McVeigh coverage, saying the media don’t need a civic lesson from a President who presided over 131 executions during the five years he was governor of Texas.

And so the hype picks up as pace. All last week, local television stations broadcast home videos of McVeigh as a youngster—a boy Scout who went bad. A court action to allow Internet and pay-TV broadcast of the execution was turned down by a judge, but some public stations and the ABC-TV program *Nightline* and recently acquired videotapes of executions that took place in Georgia between 1983 and 1998, recordings that showed off too clearly the mundane bureaucracy of a public death.

And in Terre Haute (population 59,000), ground zero of this latest drama, the good citizens have been subject to an ever-increasing drumbeat of alerts: 48 million fliers stuck down for being last to the world and worse, constantly having to explain themselves to a descending hoard of foreigners who can’t understand Americans’ fascination with capital punishment. “They say you have to play the cards they deal,” Judy Anderson, the county commissioner for Terre Haute, said recently at a ceremony to plant 164 redwood saplings, the state tree of Oklahoma, in her county. “I know the whole situation is a misery until we have to deal with.”

Terre Haute didn’t used to be the site of the only federal execution chamber in the United States. That was a result of geography. In the early 1990s, when the U.S. government decided to consolidate its relative handful of federal death-row inmates (20 versus the approximately 4,000 in the individual states) in one institution, it chose

World

U.S. Penitentiary at Terre Haute because it was the most central federal jail in the country. The Crossroads of America, it sits on Indiana license plates. A section of the 60-year-old jail that used to house Cuban detainees was cleared out, and two years ago death-row prisoners, including its most famous, Inmate McVeigh as prison officials call him, were moved in. Considerably, it is only a short drive south of Terre Haute where the last public hanging in the United States took place in 1936 at Owenham, Ky.: a boisterous crowd of 20,000 turned up to watch the execution of a black man for raping and killing an older white woman, and the ensuing revelry as the event caused the rest of the country to turn away in revulsion.

For the Canadian visitor, the culture shock is jarring. It's not just the casual atmosphere that some are bringing to the event, or the manner you can encounter on the street; he did it, he's unrepentant, he deserves to pay the price. It's the fact that talk of the death penalty just seems to wash away easily in everyday discussion or on TV and the radio, like the price of gas.

Those who lost family in the Oklahoma City bombing—a no-



Whether it's making a small killing selling souvenir bumper stickers and T-shirts

day, we have an interest in this, too? Where do you draw the line?

For the moment, perhaps, that line is being drawn through the heart of Middle America—Terre Haute jail. Once a thriving river town with coal mines and heavy industry, Terre Haute is like any repressor of midsize Canadian cities that progress has passed by. To the east lies the red and craggy land of Indianapolis, to the west, the self-promoted Gateway to the West. St. Louis, Terre Haute's claim to fame: the first mass production of the long-playing record albums, the invention of the Cole bottle and then apple pie with the resurgence of the Ku Klux Klan in the 1920s.

Terre Haute is the kind of place where new problems are taken to heart, and as in any small community, people's actions in something as novel as the execution of a mass murderer in their backyard will stir the gentry. They may even reflect the new anti-death-penalty Americans seem to have towards the death penalty. According to a national poll last week, 63 per cent say it is in favor, down from a high of 80 per cent in the mid-1990s. Also, in this newest poll, support for executions drops to 46 per cent when life without parole is offered as an alternative.

Trying to make their own peace with this tragedy, Terre Haute

'Who is not profiting from this? Stores, hotels? Don't get on me because we thought of something new. McVeigh, he don't care—he's ruined thousands of lives'

wings act, and McVeigh, far fisted against starting a media compound in Waco, Tex., in 1993, where 80 people were killed—soundly pop up both sides of the issue. Some have benefited. McVeigh's father, Jim, a retired entrepreneur in Buffalo, N.Y., One woman who lost two grandchildren in the blast has spent her time tracing McVeigh's footprints in the weeks leading up to the attack—even to the point of sleeping in the same room bed he did—researching that for a documentary. She doesn't want McVeigh executed now because the finds he may be part of a larger conspiracy that has yet to be uncovered.

Even in the darkest days of Paul Bernardo or child killer Clifford Olson, there was never any of this, never even any sustained public debate about the death penalty in Canada. "I certainly never heard or felt anything like this kind of emotion," observes Toronto lawyer Timothy Dawson, who represented families of both Bernardo and Olson's victims. "We just go off from the Americans in this regard." The newest argument making the rounds is that all the publicity surrounding the McVeigh execution is justified because it will bring closure to the bereaved families of Oklahoma City—some 30,000 people in total. Although as Dawson says, "once you accept the fact that victims can watch an execution, at what point does the general public say, through the mea-

cheses of different denominations have come together to organize prayer services and vigils for both the Monday and Tuesday evenings preceding the execution. This is a dislodging part of the world. A self-proclaimed Jesus freak purchased a billboard on the main highway in the penitentiary, urging folks to pray for Timothy McVeigh. But in what is probably a better nod of the town's mood, the sign company put up two of its own billboards, urging people to pray for the 160 victims of the bombing.

Down at the Body Art tattoo parlour co-owner Debbie Walker is making a small killing selling souvenir bumper stickers and T-shirts. The one with the "Die! Die! Die!" logo, and a crudier version, are carefully avoiding the obnoxious version by about 180 to 3. Walker offered to make a donation from each sale to the Oklahoma City marm and the bombing victims, but was politely turned aside. She is not concerned her neighbours might say she is profiting from a tragedy: "Are you kidding me?" she replies. "Who is not profiting from this? All the stores, the gas stations, the hotels? Don't get on me just because we thought of something new. McVeigh, he don't care. He's ruined thousands of lives."

A few blocks away, at the downtown campus of Indiana State University, political scientist Kirby Gould and colleagues are or-



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Some say the execution will bring closure to the families of Oklahoma City

three fairly routine appeals of his conviction and then, in December, filed a motion that he would not seek another. Five weeks later, his execution date was set. In early April, his father and a son Jennifer came for their final visit. According to Bill McVeigh, his son refused to apologize or anything fit his crime and laughed off his family's request for a hug. His last words are already the subject of intense speculation. They will be made while he is strapped in the death chair, the TV in his arm but before the chemicals will have been administered. Four separate groups of visitors and a camera will be looking on from behind darkened windows.

It is said the devil is in the details, and for the execution of Timothy McVeigh, not much has been left to chance. He has three days on each have been planned almost to the minute. The same holds true for the assembling media, which begin setting up on the prison site eight days before the event in accordance with a mercifully drawn schedule. Also for the demonstration, government buses will begin picking them up at two Terre Haute interstate parks at precisely 1:00pm on the morning of the 16th and will run back and forth all night until the deed is done. Silent prayer vigils will be planned for 4:12 a.m., precisely 168 minutes before the formal execution is to commence.

For wooden Lappin, a fallout if somewhat technocratic administrator, this is his first execution. But he has told local groups he has been "practicing," and that he has visited other states to watch how lethal injections are carried out. In a recent media briefing that went on for more than two hours, Lappin said that in his experience it usually takes between four and eight minutes for the chemicals to take effect. (Mind you, death penalty opponents have documented 31 cases of botched executions since 1982.) He said he expects to emerge "about 15 minutes" after the start time, which may not be exactly at 7 o'clock, to relay what's gone on. The injection was too much for some. An NBC producer who had been negotiating the media details on behalf of the networks reminded Lappin that they will all be on air live at that point—"15 minutes will be an eternity for us." It was said in a room of 200 people, without the slightest irony.

Planning an intensive three-week course on the death penalty that will run right through the McVeigh execution. Students wanted it, so did some faculty. So far, about 20 students have signed up, which is not bad for an all-day summer course in May, says Gould. It'll help some students deal with the strong emotions surrounding this issue, so much the better, he says. "But he doesn't hold much hope for the execution itself being edifying: "It's like knowing a car crash is going to happen. Is it really something you are going to feel good watching?" With public schools closed for the day, many families he knows are simply planning to pack up their kids and get out of town.

The problem for liberals in Terre Haute and probably throughout America is that McVeigh is almost a poster boy for the death penalty. Politely unpretentious, he was even willing to have his death delayed. He doesn't seem to have a friend in the world. An egomaniac killer, McVeigh is a strange name stay because he is so ordinary. In a profile shortly after his arrest in 1995, *The Washington Post* observed, "In deeply disturbing ways, he is a prototypical of his generation." He lived through the upheaval of parental divorce when he was a young boy, the crushing job market of the early 1980s while a young man, a briefly exhilarating period in the army during the war against Saddam Hussein, and then, like so many others of his age, found himself back home as an adult, sleeping in his old mom's, with nowhere to go.

Wooden Lappin says McVeigh has been "a very manageable individual since he's been here, and converses so well." He insis-



Should Timothy McVeigh be executed?

Can Bay Street SURVIVE?

Scandal and hot U.S. competition threaten Canada's financial houses

BY KATHERINE MACKLEM

Gone at the Canadian Club of Toronto last week is usually a straightforward, left-on-your-blissings kind of prayer. It doesn't normally address current events. But last week, as the elite of Canada's investment industry stood around tables draped in white linens and bowed their heads, Rev. Canon John Eth grappled for Almighty help for "those who deal with the rich and others." He spoke of the integrity and high ethical standards that prevail in the investment business, but allowed that sometimes they are abused. "We ask for guidance and strength to those who are tempted to short-sight standards," intoned the minister, touching down on a subject front and center for this high-powered gathering: the insider trading scandal at Canada's largest brokerage house, RBC Dominion Securities, owned by the Royal Bank of Canada.

The scandal, which involves around Andrew Bacula, a 36-year-old executive suspended after his son was linked to suspicious stock trading, is the most prominent, but it isn't the only disgrace on Bay Street these days. Investment advisers at another long-established firm, BMO Nesbitt Burns, are accused of breaching securities rules in their handling of customer accounts. The industry's own

watchdog, the Investment Dealers Association, recently was tapped by the provincial regulator for being too slow with complaints. On top of this pall of dishonor, the industry is aware it is losing its hold on the Canadian capital markets. In the face of changing technology and—Quebec City protesters notwithstanding—the unstoppable advance of globalization, Bay Street is worried about its own survival.

Stanley Hatt is peering back and forth behind his desk. "Tell them exactly what you just told me now," he says into the phone. "They don't need a whole lot of coaxing. Just tell it to them straight." Hatt, a negotiator of the Canada-U.S. Free Trade Agreement and later Brian Mulroney's chief of staff, is now chairman of Salomon Brothers Burnham Canada Inc., the Canadian arm of one of the world's largest securities firms. He's speaking to a man of U.S. investment banking, coaxing them for a pitch they are going to make to a Canadian company. The New York City-based bankers want to propose a takeover deal and the going is tight. "We don't want to overwhelm them; we'll take a small team," Hatt says, still pausing. He suggests they try to get management onside and say he'll talk to the CEO. "He's a friend"—and then they will approach the board of directors



Lane, Hatt needs to provide any detail about the potential transaction—not only would he jeopardize the deal, he'd be passing on insider information, which is strictly verboten. But he does allow that what he is doing comes at the expense of the Canadian securities industry. And he acknowledges that in the long run, this is a negative for Canada. He says the Canadian securities firms are being overtaken on their own turf by companies like his—powerful, privately U.S.-based investment banks, many of them owned by banks. In Salomon's case, it is part of Citigroup, a massive organization whose total assets amount to a staggering \$1.4 trillion—\$300 billion

more than the sum of Canada's five major banks combined. "It makes a living financing companies that the Canadian bank-lush-investment dealers can't," he says, adding "Bay Street is falling behind."

Stripped of finance, the business of Bay Street is fairly simple: it's all about money. Dealers and brokers raise capital, usually from individuals and institutions that want to invest, and hand it out—to public companies to expand or make an acquisition, or to governments, which promise to repay with interest. There's also the secondary market, essentially stock exchanges and bond markets, where individuals and institutions trade securities

already issued. Factor layers of insurance back it, add quasi-impenetrable jargon, and the world of high finance becomes an almost closed, Byzantine, secretive society. Far to business as mysterious and detached from the daily lives of Canadians as it may appear, it is critical to a strong economy. The capital markets are the grease of the economy's engine—without money, things come to a grinding halt. And business goes elsewhere.

Already, Canadian companies increasingly look south of the border to raise capital and make deals. Many Canadian businesses list their stock not only in Canada but also on the Nasdaq or New York Stock

HEART OF THE ISSUE

The Street's power firms play a critical role in keeping the economy strong

Stock Exchange and others to negotiate a worldwide, interconnected, round-the-clock trading network. It's also buying the Calgary-based Canadian Venture Exchange for \$50 million—a move designed to lock up the Canadian marketplace.

Canadian investment houses are also finding the pitch. As investors and corporations look to the United States to do business, they also look to a firm that can carry them there. And while the Canadian dealers say they can do that—many have U.S. offices—the statistics tell a different story. In 1990, Canada's top 10 investment firms were all Canadian-owned. Last year, only five firms were Canadian. Four were U.S.-based, the fifth a Swiss bank. Even those selling are the 10 largest corporate equity offerings in 2000. Five of these issues were underwritten by four U.S. firms. Only two Canadian firms show up, with Dominion Securities for underwriting the field with four deals, and CIBC World Markets taking one. The upside? Many of the best deals—the biggest, most lucrative ones—are going outside.

THE TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE IS NO LONGER SACRED

The pressure on the Canadian dealers just makes them better, argues Michael Wilson, the former Conservative finance minister and now a powerful investment banker at the Royal. In the late 1980s, Wilson's deputy finance minister was Stanley Hart. Today the two are competitors. Wilson says he is not fearful of the growing competition from such of the border. "I don't think you'll find Canadian firms saying, 'Wilson's writing his hands in my pocket money,'" he says. "We'll never be able to beat these guys."

Before politics beckoned, Wilson was executive vice-president of what was then called Dominion Securities Ltd. After Ottawa, he returned to the firm, but like most other major banks, it had been bought by a bank. Wilson says there were other changes. Cross-border equity issues, now commonplace, were extremely新颖 to the 1980s and his government's Free Trade Agreement. The Canadian capital markets are more sophisticated than those of countries of similar size, partly as a result of na-



STRAIGHT TALK

Michael Wilson
Managing
comprises the
Canadian banks
can't," says
Hart. "My
Street is falling
behind"



Funny, you wouldn't do this yourself.

tion up against the U.S. industry, he says. It is good for the Canadian economy that Canadian companies can tap into the U.S. market to finance their growth, he adds, even though it means market capitalization is being siphoned off to the United States.

In July last year, Wilson left his post as vice-chairman of RBC Dominion to take on the job of chairman and CEO of RT Capital Management Inc., the Royal Bank's embattled pension fund manager. His uninsured job was to bring in a host of unquestioned strength to the firm, which was at the center of a high-profile scandal involving traders who had been manipulating stock prices. His mandate is to sell the division, a once-thriving unit that was placing well before the scandal broke. Wilson says he's come to understand, as he shuns the fund manager around the United States, that RT Capital is as good as the American companies he's touting as, regardless of size. The same goes for the Canadian investment banks. Wil-

son argues that the Canadian advantage is they will send their A-team to compete. Canada looking for investment banking services, while the U.S. firms' top people are generally focused on larger players.

Not so, responds Tom Gunn, who, as chief investment officer of the Ontario Municipal Employees Retirement System, is a major client of the brokerage houses. Gunn is responsible for one of the largest pools of capital in Canada—OMERS has assets of \$37 billion—and he has a bird's-eye view of the investment business. "I find I get the A-team," Gunn says of the U.S. firms. "The Canadian A-team can be very good, but let's remember, if you're trying to build something, it's going to go around the world, surely you want to go and deal with the people who leave the most about the world." The U.S. firms bring greater expertise and greater placement power, he says. "I'm not Canada-bashing," Gunn insists, but he says the difference is beginning to show. "Wall Street could become a branch plant."

When asked which needed, Gunn brings up an old solution—one that could arise later this year when long-awaited financial services legislation is adopted. A merger of two Canadian banks, he says, could provide the bulk needed to become a bigger global player in investment banking. Hart agrees. "It's a reasonable argument, my desire to make a good living at the expense of the Canadian banks," Hart says. "Canada needs bigger banks. They should not be governed by their government from being players in a global league."

In other words, size matters. For the Canadian investment banking industry to thrive, perhaps that's what's called for. A little Divine intervention, too, wouldn't hurt.

THE MONEY TOP 10

In 1990, there are 10 Canadian firms in the top 20. Now there are 10 Canadian firms in the top 20, with foreign ownership held) and the total value of the handwriting down.

	\$ billions
1. RBC Dominion	818.5
2. TD Securities	33.8
3. Scotia Capital	8
4. BMO Nesbitt Burns	7.9
5. CIBC World Markets	6.2
6. Merrill Lynch (2.6)	6.4
7. Credit Suisse First Boston (Switzerland)	3.2
8. Salomon Brothers (U.S.)	3.1
9. Goldman Sachs (U.S.)	2.3
10. Morgan Stanley Dean Witter (U.S.)	2

Source: Euromoney

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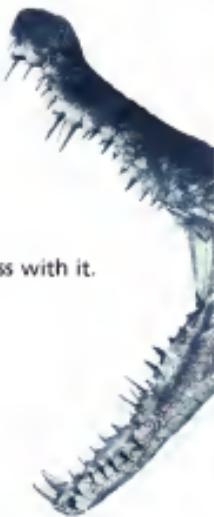
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Tech

Playing with reality

A pioneering online game gets right into users' lives

By Michael Snider

It's a little past midnight when the phone rings, jolting your attention away from the television. Your wife is asleep and the dog lifts its head as you start to pick up the phone. A voice, cold and menacing, warns you to stop your incessant digging into messages that don't concern you, and—chilling you to the bone—threatens your wife by name. What's happening? Is this for real? Possibly a hoax perpetrated by some callow friend? Not this time; it's the recorded voice of an actor deployed by an nefarious computer game called Majestic, which hopes to blur the lines between reality and fantasy—and turn its players into conspiracy-loving, paranoid freaks.

The concept, the boldest ever attempted in the computer gaming world, combines elements of *The X-Files* and the 1997 Hollywood hit *The Game*, in which a barmy tycoon played by Michael Douglas believes he is under siege thanks to an entertainment company headed by his brother in a complex birthday gag. Majestic will require near-suspension of disbelief when it begins next month, but it aims to use an arsenal of modern communication devices to surprise and antagonize players. The brainchild of gaming guru Electronic Arts Inc., it could herald a new generation of sub-ception-based online games potentially worth millions.

Majestic gets its name from an ultimate secret organization allegedly formed in 1947 to cover up UFO landings in the United States. Acer is repurposing with the game—and providing all the details necessary for the experience—users download a small application and install it on their PC.



*Image from Majestic and the Michael Douglas movie *The Game* (below)*

(making it harder to register someone else). By phone, fax, e-mail and online instant messenger programs, the system will deliver hints and clues that eventually draw players closer and closer to the heart of a notorious, all-encompassing government coverup. Technological advances in artificial intelligence promise to take a late-night phone call some place real.

In a surreal scenario, a player might receive a video message via e-mail containing instructions to visit a Web site belonging to a government weapons contractor. After a little digging, the death



agent gets a nudge from an ultimate secret organization allegedly formed in 1947 to cover up UFO landings in the United States. Acer is repurposing with the game—and providing all the details necessary for the experience—users download a small application and install it on their PC.

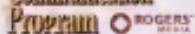
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Tech

the Web site provides access to a voice-mail box, which reveals the company's plan to warn off someone who seems to be investigating the project—the player himself. Hence, the threatening phone call. (The game, rated "teens" for over 18s, can also be set to call at more agreeable times of day.)

So how real is it? That remains to be seen, but the company has hired 30 actors to produce voice and swearing video clips. "The success is going to have to depend on the strength of the story and the quality of the game," says Neil Young, Majestic's co-creator. "It will have to get into people's heads and much without foul language." Electronic Arts, based in Redwood City, Calif., has registered hundreds of fax and phone numbers around North America and has created everything from dummy permissions to fake Web sites. In fact, some have even questioned the existence of Anna-X, a Brampton, Ont.-based company credited as the game's developer. Daily Radar, a game review site, says the company may be one of Majestic's aliases.

So far, "tens of thousands" of people—the company has no firm figure—have been curious enough to sign up for regular updates about the game's status. Even so, Electronic Arts' software-based business model is unproven. The company has invested an estimated \$6 million in the game's development and will charge a \$15-a-month subscription fee. Paul Lee, head of worldwide studios at Electronic Arts' Burnaby, B.C., development headquarters, admits there's a risk. "You can never know for sure when you pioneer a new idea."

The company plans to launch a free pilot in mid-June and says it has the first two of eight episodes complete. The pilot will last about three to five days, and an average episode will take hand-coded games about two weeks to complete. But Majestic is played in real-time, meaning if one of the characters says he'll send a fax next Thursday, it would arrive until then—so an episode could occupy infrequent users for up to a month. Lots of time to find the truth, which apparently is sell out there. ■



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Getting cars to cough up mileage

Summer is a time for long vacation drives and, almost surely, paying more for gasoline. But Montreal-based Terologix Inc. thinks it has a partial solution—in TerraClean engine treatment, used to optimize mileage. To make TerraClean, Terologix strips ordinary gasoline, removes additives and adds oxygen, yielding a cleaner-burning concentrate. Treating an engine with the enriched fuel removes carbon deposits from the catalytic converter, fuel-concentr oxygen sensors and garnished up fuel injection, reducing emissions and wasting less gas. "There are lots of similar products out there," says John Ferruga, a Petro-Canada service manager in Mississauga, Ont., who uses TerraClean, "but this is the only one where we could see the difference right away."

McLean had TerraLogix treat a 1991 Acura Integra that had about 170,000 km on the odometer. Tailpipe emissions were independently checked before and after the 30-minute treatment. To perform the \$1.29 cleaning, a mechanic first tops into the car's fuel system. The TerraClean dilution is then electronically charged in a pressurized cylinder to improve combustion before being fed into the engine. Afterwards, emissions declined substantially, with ambient hydrocarbons, an indicator of wasted fuel, dropping by 71 per cent. Carbon monoxide fell 49 per cent, nitrogen oxides 31 per cent. Geoff Spidle, TerraClean's general manager, says the treatment should be done annually and improves mileage by between five and 16 per cent. "It's kind of like getting the phlegm out of your lungs," says Spidle.

—Dwayne Hawkesbush

COOL SITE

Better e-business

Now's about buying something online from a retailer in another country! The U.S. Federal Trade Commission and some foreign partners hope to ease those concerns with *www.consumerguide.org*. The site allows shoppers from around the world to complain about a company in another country. Government agencies may then use and share this information to combat fraud and uncover scams. There are tips for safer shopping, and resources for consumer agencies in 21 countries.

Best of the Web

The Webbyz bumper themselfs as the Oscars of the Internet, and Web site operators covet nominations as much as Julian Roberts does. This year's crop includes three high-profile Canadian outfitz. In the games category,



Spidle cleans an engine's barrels

MyVideoGames.com features reviews, well-presented reviews of new and old offerings and review players to post their own assessments. Among broadband destinations, *120second.net* is the CBC's online effort to attract young people with innovative animations, videos, games, music and links. *Mediviewer.ca*, a health advocacy committee, offers comprehensive health-care information to patients, physicians and institutions. Winners, as picked by judges from the International Academy of Digital Arts and Sciences, will be announced at a ceremony in San Francisco on July 18.

—Dwayne Hawkesbush

YOU'LL STILL WAKE UP WORRYING ABOUT MONEY.

BUT AT LEAST YOU'LL BE ABLE TO FIND OUT WHY.



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OUR COMPETITORS' TIRES.



The MICHELIN Pilot X-1™ tire.

Our slogan, high-performance tire. Positive grip, resulting from a wide range of actions.



Now that we were now restricted by a series of decisions which compelled us to physically change another racing tire. So did we end up into our competitor's plan? None that we can tell you about, anyway! What we did do is introduce a new technology that would revolutionize the sport of Formula 1 racing. You may prior to last Friday night, if all goes well, our press had until midnight, when we'll swap up our technology. For whom ever wins, our manufacturers for the F1 circuit pre-1970 had never taken advantage of radial tire technology. Until MICHELIN came along. And the rest is history.

"We fully understood radial tires, one man go back over half a century. Up until the mid-fifties, most were of cross-ply or bias-ply design. The casing, which is the part of the tire underneath the tread, was positioned to the center at angles to each other so as

the tire, in a criss-cross manner. But that cross-ply casing structure, lacked stability at high speeds, offered very limited road grip and produced a large amount of friction between the tire and the asphalt road that would often result in rapid tire wear.

Fortunately, MICHELIN developed radial tire technology in 1946. Unlike the cross-ply design, the radial tire's plies were positioned in the same direction, each other, in a series of smaller bands or "hoops" around the tire. This allowed the tire to flex well about the circumference of the road surface. They also produced much less friction resulting in longer tread life, better traction, handling and ride comfort.

Introduced in 1970, MICHELIN won Formula 1 racing with a tire that incorporated their revolutionary radial design. Seven years later, when we won the sport in 1984, we had 59 wins, 3 Drivers World



Championships and 2 Manufacturers' World Championships. Perhaps our most noteworthy was the fact that every single Formula 1 racing competition contained, but avoided ever to radial tire technology.

THEY HAVE



Pilot X-1™ tire

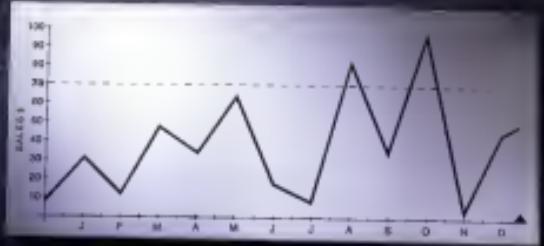
High-speed tire designed for speed.

What does that mean for the majority of us who will never race on an F1 track? That MICHELIN's commitment Formula 1 translates to better performance on the street, even normally with the MICHELIN Pilot X-1™ tire, a tire specially built for its superior handling. For this tire is no small task. When we've introduced MICHELIN's circle. Classes on, we'll not only change your mind, we'll also change your tires.



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People

Edited by Shonda Deziel

The tattooer's tale

When Chris Kirkpatrick of 'N Sync decided he wanted to start a girls' clothing line, he hired the Canadian tattoo artist who had left a lasting impression on him. Three years ago, these Danube crooners Kirkpatrick and the other members of the band—who were celebrating their first CD going platinum—in Toronto. Kirkpatrick was so impressed with the artist's work that in

1999 he approached Danielle—a tattoo artist changing careers—from skin to color. "Steve [Jobs] is on drugs," says Kirkpatrick, 29. "His contemporaries are out of the ordinary." The then 24-year-old Danielle was happy to agree from tattooing to design the graphics for Kirkpatrick's label, Fabian Skins—which it sold to Canada or Europe.

Kirkpatrick has had no problem combining his side project with his day job. When the clothing company recently launched a small line of men's fashions, they were able to convince a certain pop superstar to wear the Fabian Skins gear on tour. For 'N Sync, it is a chance to match their audience with their audience.

House that Oprah built

Before the phone call that changed her life, author Andre Dubus III felt his book was doing extremely well. It took everyone to write and 22 publishers to consider it, but *The House of Sand* and *Fog* was a New York Times best-seller and into an eighth printing of 30,000 copies. Then, Oprah Winfrey's assistant called to tell Dubus his novel was chosen for her book club. The ninth printing was 850,000—ordered days after the eighth—and the book had sold more than 1.5 million copies. Says Dubus: "There is something



*The *Days of Our Lives* cast: Courtney Cox, Courteney, Leah Remini, and Lisa Zane.*

Girls just want to have fun

They may seem like your average indie rock band touring endlessly across North America, but the four Edinboro women who make up Painting Daubies are anything but: They study French, play basketball, wrestle and do physics experiments from the top of their van. And there is nothing that: Duty Blue Griff, Rachelle Van Zanten, Carolyn Ronnoway and Kim Gryba—aged 20 to 30—won't do to keep sane and grounded while spending three-quarters of the year on the road.

Touring steadily since last July to promote their second album, *Forriesies*, the band is giving a band going in the alternative music scene—drugs to their emerges tons of funk, blues and rock 'n' roll. But they are also careful not to neglect the other parts of their lives. Both Van Zanten and Forriesies are studying university courses on the road and all take their hobbies and sports very seriously. "You have to have a well-rounded life in order to be in a band," says Van Zanten. "Otherwise, you can get bogged down, piled and burnt out."

It is not an easy way to make a living. Two gigs pay a month rent back home and another covers food. Forriesies and fathers fix the van. And each member works when they are back in town. They fish, eat, sleep, paint houses and pour coffee. But more than anything else, Painting Daubies rock.



talks慷慨地 about the whole experience."

Set in California, the book follows three tragic sisters fighting over the ownership of a house. It is a bleak yet sweetly story, one that even surprised Dubus as he was writing it. "A big part of me didn't want to write a dark story," he says. "But I think our psyches have an appetite for darkness. Suffering is a big part of living." For Dubus, though, things are looking up: A part-time carpenter, the 41-year-old father of three is taking a year off to write full time and build his new home. "Oprah has been a godsend," says Dubus. "I've received all my kids' Oprah."

How the faulty findings of an eminent pathologist led to erroneous murder charges and ruined lives

DEAD WRONG

BY JANE O'HARA

THREE YEARS AGO, when Dr. Charles Randal Smith walked into the witness box of the Kingston, Ont., courtroom, he looked perfectly at home. He'd brought along his teenage daughter to watch him testify at this preliminary hearing, even though it was not exactly family fare. The tall, grey-haired pathologist, who since 1992 has run the Ontario pediatric forensic pathology unit at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, was there to provide details of the gruesome death of a Kingston girl.

Crown prosecutors viewed the case as one of the most sensational child murders ever in Canada. Their theory was straightforward: on June 12, 1997, Louise Reynolds, a 26-year-old single mother from Kingston, had killed her seven-year-old daughter, Sharon, by stabbing her more than 80 times with a pair of scissor Reynolds's mother. Prosecutors argued she was angry at the child for biting her toe.

For Kingston police and Crown prosecutors, Smith's opinion was crucial. His 10-page report on the autopsy he performed on Sharon's performed body was the linchpin of the second-degree murder case. But it didn't hold. Just over three months ago, in late January, Smith's theory was totally discredited when the Crown abruptly dropped the murder charges against Reynolds. This, she maintains experts—some hired by the Crown—designed with Smith and concluded

instead that a powerful dog had mauled the girl. By then Reynolds had spent 3½ years in custody because of the outstanding charge. Now she is suing the 51-year-old Smith, Toronto dental oncologist Robert Wood (who advised the prosecution that the marks did not look like dog bites) and the Kingston police force for \$7 million. But in dismantling all that case sounds, it is just one of at least six to cast doubt on Smith's expertise.

Now, the alarm bells are going off. Smith himself has voluntarily stepped along autopsies for the coroner's office and asked for a review of his work in the Reynolds case and in another Toronto child death case that depended on his testimony. And the provincial coroner's office has taken possibly unprecedented steps to rescue faith in the system. Ontario deputy chief coroner Dr. James Cairns, has had Crown prosecutors and defence lawyers informed that his office is "more than



Smith [above] testified about Kingston's Reynolds' [left] dies of son's injuries. It was a dog attack. But Louise Reynolds [center, below] spent years in custody



willing" to have independent experts examine Smith's findings. The review Smith requested, he adds, would have happened in any case. "It has to be done," said Cairns, "but it's obviously not something one does jumping up and down for joy."

The consequences in two contentious cases were particularly dire. In Timmins, Ont., a family was bankrupted by the \$150,000 cost of defending a 12-year-old girl against a wrongful charge of manslaughter, based on Smith's testimony that took almost three years to resolve. "After this one, we owned nothing," says the girl's father, who sold the home he had built and cashed in his retirement savings to pay for her defense. And in Sudbury, Ont., a young woman was exonerated by the accusation of killing her child, while her father was bankrupted by \$100,000 in legal costs to discredit Smith's testimony.

All of which raises some thorny questions. How did Dr. Charles Smith become the man almost solely responsible for investigating suspicious child deaths in Ontario? How has he managed to keep that position? And how does his distinguished reputation square with the reality of some damaging anomalies? His boss, Ontario chief coroner Dr. James Young, declined to discuss Smith's connection with McNeice last week, saying, "There are so many other matters that need to be resolved in and around this issue." Pressed to comment on Smith's general professionalism, he replied, "He's been involved in a number of complex and important cases and I think he's always tried to do his best to offer expert advice to the court."

The questions surrounding Smith's performance are all the more important because his opinion carries great weight in court—to much that defense counsel often has to go out of the province to find the expertise to counter his autopsy reports. In a recent case in which Smith's evidence against a Toronto woman charged with killing a young boy in her care is under review, lawyers for the defendant found other doctors reluctant to rule him out. "You don't contradict the Hospital for Sick Kids and you don't contradict Dr. Smith," says criminal lawyer Dymphna Bourassa. "It's not career enhancing. A lot of doctors are reluctant to say anything publicly against him."

Smith is a master in the courtroom. His curriculum vitae runs for 22 pages and he is once quoted as writing "the definitive textbook on pediatric pathology." His manner during testimony—blunt and nonemotional plodding—is persuasive, based over a decade as Ontario's top forensic expert on suspicious child deaths. In the mid-'80s, he taught law students how best to examine experts witnesses like himself. In 1994, he told *The Canadian Press* that his forensic unit had a higher billing average than colleagues in Alberta when it came to generating convictions against child killers.

Smith's track record for convictions is well known in the small, tight-knit world of Canadian forensic pathology. But is that necessarily a matter of pride? The job of a forensic pathologist, says Dr. Thomas Balachandran, Manitoba's chief medical examiner, does not include taking an ponds side. "Not the prosecution. Not the defense. Not even the side of the dead." At times, there is no clear evidence of a crime, says Balachandran, and the cause of death should be recorded as "undetermined." "It is crucial to be objective and objective, let says, because a faulty autopsy report can send innocent people to jail. "We have the power to ruin people's lives and destroy families," observes Balachandran. "We must be very careful."

Smith's involvement in the case of the Timmins girl brought a harsh constituency from the bench as long ago as 1991 (page 62). Ontario Provincial Court Judge Patrick Dunn criticized him for not even following his own prescribed autopsy procedures in securing the

Grade 6 students of shaking a 16-month-old baby to death. Cairns, the deputy chief coroner and a close colleague of Smith, dismisses Dunn's criticism. "The judge," says Cairns, "didn't understand the medical evidence."

Smith's involvement in another tragic baby death set off a nightmare for a grief-stricken single mother in Sudbury, Ont. In 1995, university student Luanne Gagnon (now Luanne Thibeault) was struggling to come to terms with the sudden death of her 11-month-old son, Nicholas, while in her care. A police investigation ruled out foul play. But a year later, after the Ontario chief coroner's office asked Smith to review the case, he came to a startling conclusion: homicide. "In the absence of an alternate explanation," he wrote, "the death of this young boy is attributed to blunt head injury."

Smith also recommended that the Sudbury police begin a "thorough investigation." There, on June 25, 1997, he entered the baby's body, as his then 11-year-old son watched. After performing

**Smith said he
was '99-per-
cent certain'
Thibeault killed
her young son**

Unter myopia, she
lost custody of three
newborns. Meets



an autopsy, Smith concluded that Nicholas had died from brain swelling, "consistent with blunt force injury," although he later conceded he could not rule out suffocation.

The Crown still did not charge Smith, however, told *Chiefs and Society* writers that he was "99-per-cent certain" that Thibeault, then pregnant with a second child, had killed Nicholas. The CAS arranged to take custody of Thibeault's newborn child and placed her name on its list of known child abusers. When she gave birth, Thibeault was not allowed to be alone with her newborn daughter, Nicole.

With that, Thibeault's father, Maurice Gagnon, began a legal battle that cost him \$100,000 of his savings to clear his daughter's name and get her baby back. Ultimately, even the coroner's own independent expert took issue with Smith's findings. Dr. Mary Cox, the medical examiner in St. Louis and a leading crusader in the war against child abuse, unanimously disagreed Smith's opinion about a blow to the head. "There are no findings on which to make such a conclusion," she stated in a report she wrote for the Ontario chief coroner's office.

CAS officials did not shun about-face. They sued the court to drop all wrongdoing proceedings against Thibeault and took her name off the Child Abuse Register. In a letter to the Gagnon family's lawyer, the society expressed sympathy, saying it was now confident

they would "provide a good life" to the little girl it had attempted to take. Said the CAS: "At this time we are of the view that the death of Nicholas Gagnon was an unexplained tragedy."

Thibeault has found it hard to recover. "This experience changed my life forever," she says. "I no longer trust anyone who has power over someone else's life. Thanks to Dr. Smith, I now think of Nicholas as a case study or an autopsy report, not simply as my precious son."

Cairns, who has worked closely with Smith for a decade, calls him "a wonderful man" in the investigation of child deaths. "He's a friend. I敬重 his work and he is greatly esteemed at the Hospital for Sick Children," Cairns said. Macdonald: "He's done a phenomenal amount of good over the years. His sincerity is beyond approach." Smith himself did not respond to numerous interview requests from Macdonald. Cairns and the recent controversies have taken a toll on Smith. "He's not one of these Teflon people who says I didn't give a damn what people say," said Cairns. He noted that his colleague had been involved in many successful legal cases.

* In 1996, two crack-addicted parents, Michael Podmorski and Linda Orlac, were convicted of谋杀 their six-month-old child in Toronto. Smith, who had found evidence of multiple fractures, certified the child died of pneumonia, resulting from the injuries. "It was the only case we've had a conviction of a husband and wife for谋杀 their child," said Cairns.

* In 1984, when a three-month-old baby died in Collingwood, Ont., a coroner ruled it sudden infant death syndrome (SIDS). Ten years later, Smith examined the body when evidence of abuse came to light. After performing a second autopsy, Smith reported evidence of multiple fractures and said the baby died of asphyxia. In 1998, the mother, who had been charged with manslaughter, pleaded guilty to assault causing bodily harm.

* In 1998, an Ontario fisher was convicted of killing his eight-month-old son after Smith's forensic sleuthing uncovered findings of child abuse. Originally a pathologist, Smith had died of SIDS. But Smith examined the body and did a second autopsy—which showed evidence of aazzo skull fracture, a broken arm and lenses.

Smith also has his supporters among defence lawyers. Thirteen years ago, Charles Ryall, a Niagara Falls, Ont., criminal lawyer, encountered the pathologist while defending a man who allegedly received a four-year sentence for manslaughter in the death of his nine-week-old son. Smith did the autopsy on the child and testified about the injuries in a Welland, Ont., court. Ryall was so impressed with Smith's evidence he congratulated him after he left the stand. "I told him that he'd done an excellent job as a witness and a pathologist and that it was a pleasure to have been in court with him," said Ryall. "Just because he made a mistake in the Reynolds case doesn't mean he makes a mistake every time."

Most Sudburians, Smith is a pillar of another community. He is an elder in a newly formed evangelical congregation that meets in a high-school auditorium on Richardson Hill, 30 km north of Toronto. Two years ago, Smith and his wife, Karen—a family disci-

BAD IDEAS DON'T GET BETTER ONLINE

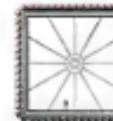


Exhibit A: square wheel

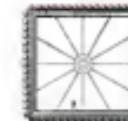


Exhibit B: e-squarewheel.com

There have been dot-com disasters since a seven tall were in the Web world, the fundamental principles of business still apply. That's why thousands of companies, small and large, are working with IBM to improve their core business processes, connecting their customers, partners, and employees via the Internet. Using IBM's expertise, tools and technologies, they're linking business strategy with solid business infrastructure. IBM's ClearPath File Roads™. This radical coupling worked with business consultants at IBM Global Services to help enhance customer relationship



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mar and part-time corner in nearby Athens—left their old parish and volunteered to help start the new one church as part of their mission to bring new converts to the Christian & Missionary Alliance. It's a Christian denomination that emphasizes "world evangelization" and boasts 2.5 million followers in 40 countries. While Charles Smith chats with churchgoers after the service, Karen sells audiotapes of the pastor's sermons.

The couple have two teenage children and the trappings of success: their pickup truck and SUV bear his and her vanity license plates, PRONIC and CORONER. They live in a two-story house, painted baby blue, on a farm in Quinceville, Ohio, 60 miles south of Toledo. There, in an area surrounded by hobby farms and lush golf courses, Smith raises cattle and takes refuge from a job that entails doctoring children who have met horrible deaths.

Smith graduated in medicine from the University of Saskatchewan in 1975. He completed his training in pathology at the University of Western Ontario and by 1980 was certified as an anatomic pathologist, a specialist who analyzes cells and tissues to identify diseases. (In 1999, he also received U.S. certification in pediatric pathology.) He joined the staff of the Hospital for Sick Children in 1981 as one of a number of hospital pathologists on general rotation responsible for examining necropsy samples and performing autopsies on children who died of natural or accidental causes. By the early '80s, he was doing coroner's autopsies on children who had met sudden and mysterious ends.

Canada has no specific for accrediting forensic pathologists. Now, increasing numbers of Canadian pathologists are going through rigorous accreditation programs in the United States and Britain. But since, like Smith, have learned on the job. In 1992, the Ontario coroner's office created a pediatric forensic pathology unit at Sick Kids and Smith was installed as director. He has a full-time position at the hospital (earning \$168,458.99 last year) and works part-time for the coroner's office.

In the Kingston courtroom in April, 1996, so on to entry other days he has testified, Smith began unceasing his findings in a long dissertation that at times sounded like a lecture. Sharron Reynolds, he said, died from "multiple stab wounds." The seven-year-old had been partially scalped, he said, possibly with a pair of scissors. Smith was confident and in control. When the prosecutor tried to ask a question, Smith admonished him: "If I can just sort of continue the *Murder Digest* version, and then you may want to spend a little while on issue detail."

As Smith described the "stab wounds" on the upper arm, neck and head of Sharron's body, Louise Reynolds listened wordily. Her

10 months since her son, she had been held in a segregation unit at the Quinte Detention Centre. After listening to Smith describe such wounds on his daughter's body that she knew were not of her making, the Grade 8 dropout came to her own conclusions about the forensic pathologist. "Dr. Smith didn't know what he was doing," she said later. "I thought he was an idiot."

From the beginning, Reynolds had maintained her innocence and police never found a murder weapon. Besides, there was another explanation for how Sharron died. Her Teck—a pit-bull terrier named Hot Teck—owned by Sharron's stepfather—was in the basement the day the girl died. The Kingston police told Smith before he started the autopsy that the dog was in the house. Yet no attempt was made to take rounds of the dog's teeth to match them to the wounds. During cross-examination, Smith bristled when Reynolds' lawyer, Wayne Rumble, repeatedly suggested the wounds were caused by a dog. "I suggest that you're absolutely wrong," replied Smith. "This doesn't look like a pit bull or any other carnivorous animal. These wounds have been caused by a sharp instrument."

But Rumble had his own up his sleeve—experts who said Smith had it wrong. One was Dr. Ben Farris of Vancouver, a British-trained forensic pathologist. After studying the crime scene and the autopsy photographs, Farris wrote in a report shown to the Crown that Smith's evidence was "either wrong or over-simplifications." Robert Donkin of Montreal, a forensic dentist, was just as damning in a report entered into the court proceedings. A founding father 25 years ago of the American Board of Forensic Odontology, the organization that certifies forensic dentists, Donkin had treated thousands of dog-bite cases. In his opinion, this was a classic example of dog bite wounds.

One grievance, Donkin says, was the identical pattern of perforations on the inside and outside of the girl's upper right arm—markedly made by a jaw clamping down. "Imagine the scenario if it were stab wounds," says Donkin. "Can you imagine someone stabbing so many times on the outside of the arm, and then lifting up the arm and stabbing so many times on the inside of the arm? It doesn't make sense. Even his own descriptions of the wounds tell me they were bite marks."

The wheels of justice grind slowly. Just last Jan. 25, fully 21 months after Smith testified, the Crown withdrew its murder charge against Louise Reynolds. Smith had attended her earlier appeal after attending a second autopsy on July 13, 1999, conducted on Sharron's skeletal remains by Ontario's chief forensic pathologist, Dr. David Chaison. Then, Chaison concluded that some of the marks were dog bites. Smith, too, came to that point of view. "After the second autopsy," Chaison told *Murder Digest*, "he did not disagree that many of the wounds were dog bites." The prosecution then sent Sharron's bones to University of Tennessee forensic anthropologist Steven Sprules, the leading North American expert in



The Crown stopped the case before trial, fearing 'a miscarriage of justice'

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. COHEN

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Tom Jackson is a Canadian actor and singer who has a special concern for the needs of the homeless.

Tom has been involved with The Salvation Army for many years and has given his time and the proceeds of one of his recordings to further its work.



soil-smudged evidence, Symes' reported conclusion, there were no marks of any sharp instrument other than Smith's scalpel blade during the original autopsy.

Kingston attorney Bruce Griffith explained the prosecution's change of heart in court. "Dr. Smith's original opinion had

been unequivocal: none of the wounds were dug him," said Griffith. "The Kingston police had relied on that expert's opinion as to the cause of death of the child." When Smith reversed himself, the prosecution case collapsed. Concluded Griffith: "The Crown no longer has proof that the death was caused by stab wounds. We've already heard it twice—drive that charge." With that, Louise Reynolds went free.

Since then, Smith has faced a number of

challenges. Among them are the review of his part in the Reynolds case, and Reynolds' civil trial against him. In the second case under review, an experienced Crown prosecutor, Frank Armstrong, made the first step in January of asking for a judicary of proceedings against a 38-year-old Toronto woman. Maureen Ladley was charged with killing the then-ten-year-old son of her boyfriend. A trial, and a retrial, might result "in a miscarriage of justice." Ladley says the boy had been jumping off a couch, slipped and banged his head on a marble coffee table. This police version held after Smith told them that injuries like that cannot cause death. With the charge stayed, Ladley is planning to sue Smith.

Ladley's lawyer, John Frithman, says other lawyers working on cases involving Smith have been talking to him. Toronto lawyer James Lockyer, a director of the powerful Association in Defense of the Wrongfully Convicted, wants to assist in the review of Smith's case. Lockyer believes that given Smith's record in the Reynolds case, "there is now good reason to be concerned with the validity of his opinions in other cases."

On top of that, Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons is considering two complaints, one from Maurice Gagnon and the other from the father of the Timmons girl, about Smith's performance in the Solbury and Timmons autopsies. And other Crown prosecutors in Toronto seem cautious about Smith's autopsy evidence. In February, just before the pathologist was to testify, Crown attorney Rita Zasadzinski delayed the pathologist's inquiry of a couple charged with谋杀 their three-month-old child. Prosecutors wanted an independent determination of the cause of death. Says Young: "That doesn't necessarily mean there's a problem at this point." On March 21, the Crown sought an adjournment of another upcoming murder trial in Toronto in order to have an independent expert review Smith's findings.

In February, before declining yet to answer any more questions from Montreal, the Ontario chief coroner defended Smith's work. "Expert opinion is never a matter of right or wrong," Young said. "A lot of people assume that one person is wrong and one person is right and it just isn't that straightforward. These are opinions." ■



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ROGERS
MEDIA

THE BABYSITTER DIDN'T DO IT

As early as 1988, an autopsy by Dr. Charles Smith was at the centre of a major judicial debate. That is when police in Timmins, Ont., relying on his judgment, charged a 12-year-old babysitter with manslaughter in the death of a 16-month-old baby girl in her care. The girl (who can be identified only as S under the Young Offenders Act) and the child fell down a flight of stairs and landed on her forehead, went limp and were unresponsive. Riven to the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, the baby died of brain injury. No autopsy was done. After interviewing the babysitter, Timmins police concluded the death was an accident. But three weeks after the baby died, and after discussing the case with colleagues at Sick Kids, Smith obtained a coroner's warrant to exhume the body and conducted an autopsy to determine cause of death.

On Aug. 19, 1988, Smith reported his autopsy findings verbally to the coroner's office, terming the death a case of child abuse: the 12-year-old, he concluded, had shaken the baby to death. Four months later, police charged S with manslaughter. But according to his own writing on the subject, Smith had not followed basic procedures for serving at his conclusion, including not obtaining a complete set of X-rays of the baby's body.

Smith also failed to talk to the doctor who had performed head surgery on the baby when she was rushed to Sick Kids hospital. And he made his initial diagnosis even before examining more ample evidence under a microscope. That defense expert said his most critical oversight was downplaying the importance of a deep bruise on the baby's forehead—the site of impact where the babysitter and the 16-month-old fell.

In his autopsy report, Smith ruled the death was due to head injury. Then, in an unusual gesture, he travelled the 560 km north to Timmins to tell the Crown, the police and the parents of the dead child that the injury was caused by shaking. Reluctantly, the police charged the 12-year-old. "This is the hardest thing I've ever had to do in my life," said Denis Lavoie, now the police chief in Timmins, as he read the 12-year-old her rights.

At the trial, which lasted 30 days spread over 13 months, Smith took the stand for five days. There, he was emphatic in his belief that children cannot die from the type of severe fall described by the babysitter. The weight of medical literature, he said, was on his side. In concluding the baby had been shaken to death, he expressed full confidence in the court. "I wish there was doubt," said Smith. "These are simply no doubts. There is only one conclusion I can come to."

To defend his daughter, the babysitter's father went into evidence. With Smith's summary, the Crown thought the case was

going to be a slam dunk," said the father. So he sought the opinions of 18 leading experts on brain injury from North America, Britain and Australia. Some said they would testify with only their travelling expenses covered. Others charged as much as \$325 an hour. The father had to sell the family home and cash in his RRSPs to raise \$150,000 for his daughter's defense. With no house and rapidly declining funds, the father was forced to live in his lawyer's house during the trial.

None of these respected neurologists and pediatric neurologists travelled to Timmins to testify in what amounted to a world-class symposium on children's head injury. They almost all agreed on one point: that even a small household fall could have caused the child's fatal brain injury.

Another expert said that Smith—and many other pathologists—were out of touch with the latest research into children's head injuries. That key defense witness was Dr. Ayush Omenanya, a neurosurgeon and professor at George Washington University in Washington, one of the world's experts in the biomechanics of children's brain injury. Even if it was theoretically possible to cause fatal brain injury by shaking a child, said Omenanya, in his testimony, a 12-year-old girl could not generate enough force to shake a well-developed 16-month-old baby to death. Smith, he concluded, was still holding views that had been overtaken by newer research. Smith "has taken us at an angle of fact that the shaken baby syndrome has existed in this case," testified Omenanya. "He has made a pathological decision based on inadequate data."

In assessing the babysitter, provincial court Judge Patrick Dunn had strong words for Smith. In a 75-page judgment, he tried to peer clear of the medical controversy surrounding shaken baby syndrome but deal with the facts of the case. Dunn cast Smith's failure to keep up with the current research as "a disingenuousness," he said, "should be aware of the new studies in medical literature as he is of the old ones and be alert to problems in the studies in reporting the particulars of the injuries." Dunn also criticized the shortcomings of Smith's autopsy procedures. "It would behove Dr. Smith, in making a diagnosis of shaking that would lead to a manslaughter charge, to show he seriously considered possibilities other than shaking," wrote Dunn. "The unanimity of the defense experts, their careful clinical and scientific, objective analysis of all the evidence, a more parsimonious than Dr. Smith's undocumented memory of an autopsy that took place 18 months before he testified."

Jane O'Hanlon



The judge criticized the shortcomings of Smith's autopsy procedures

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A new romantic anti-hero has found his way onto the screen. He's the young entrepreneur selling something that doesn't exist, or can't last. He's the 21st-century due-on-white-kid. *The Center of the World* is a drama about a two-something day-one millionaire who hires a stripper to go to Las Vegas with him (a made-to-Novacade scenario if ever there was one). And *Startup.com* is a documentary about the roller-coaster rise and fall of two Internet entrepreneurs. Both films are shot on digital video, with a frankness that makes you aware the beauty of the action (in one case) and the subjects (in the other) for exposing themselves so openly on camera.

The Center of the World is a kind of *Last Tango in Vegas*, and it's bound to create a stir when it plays at the Cannes International Film Festival next week. It stars Canadian actress Molly Parker, who performs explicit sex scenes with her hirsute costar, establishing a new beachhead in that quick-and-some between mainstream voyeurism and out-right pornography. Playing opposite her is Peter Sarsgaard, who is as weirdly likable here as he was chilling in the role of the smirky youth who trounced Tessa Thompson in *Boy Meets Girl* (1999). And they are directed with palpable tenderness by American filmmaker Wayne Wang (*The Joy Luck Club*, *Southern Is the Law*), who co-wrote the movie with a man that included author Paul Auster.

Florence (Parker) and Richard (Sarsgaard) both live in island worlds. She's a stock drummer who makes her living as a lap dancer in an upscale strip club; he's a computer genius who has earned his first million and lives in a cyborg-like cocoon. They strike up a casual friendship, which Richard tries to fast-track by offering Florence \$10,000 to spend three days with him in Vegas. She accepts with strict conditions: separate rooms, a schedule, as living on the road, no penetration, no feelings. But feelings inevitably mess things up as Richard turns out to be unusually decent, sensitive and witty—the epitome of the perfect guy. Thus, however, is a *Pretty Woman* fable. As Richard tries to turn a transaction into a relationship, Florence clings to her power of allured seduction, relevant to give in to her enfeebled emotions.



Peter Sarsgaard and Molly Parker take erotic risks in a *Last Tango in Vegas*.

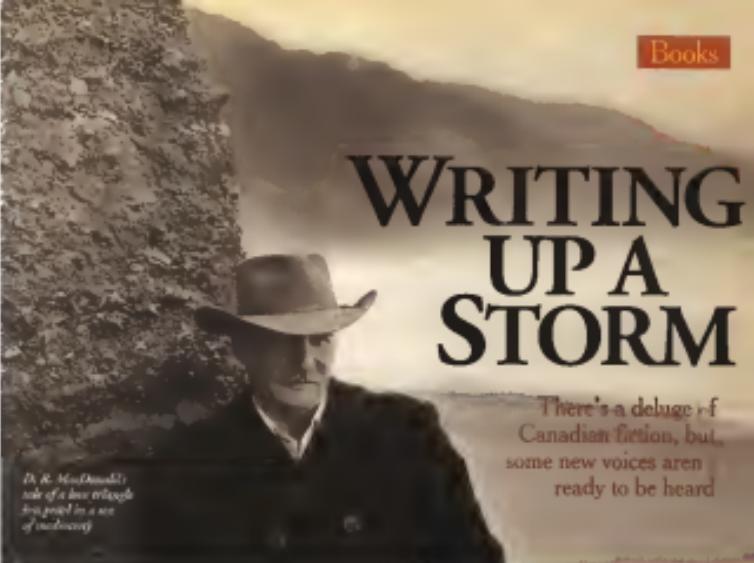
iceman dreamers, childhood friends Kalief Leon Tuazon and Tom Herman, as they create an Internet company out of thin air. Their site is *getWebs.com*, a service to help people cut through the red tape of local government. And as it grows into a going concern with a staff of 25, we watch the new partners struggle with venture capitalists, corporate competitors—and their own volatile relationship. For a while, *Startup.com* looks like a success story, not unlike *The War Room*'s chronicle of Bill Clinton's 1992 presidential campaign. There is even a clip of Tuazon slapping Clinton's business card and offering him a post-presidential job. But suddenly *getWebs* is vaporized in the general midtown of technology stocks, and the film turns into a sobering tale of human folly.

The Center of the World and *Startup.com* are both bittersweet odysseys of lost innocence. And at the end of the day, the decent hero does not seem as new: a young man sent out to take on the world, only to discover that the world is not there for the taking.

The story has a strained symmetry, as a danc between two characters trapped in their roles, each at the centre of a self-contained world—hence the title. But under the directorial gaze of Wang's camera, which moves like the nervous third party in a marriage-a-times, the actors exude a startling intimacy. Sarsgaard's performance is a masterpiece of deftlyed charm. And Parker's gruff-like transformation from unadorned rock chick to lyrical bomb is quite spectacular. Since her first major outing as a necrophiliac in *Kissed* (1996), Parker has distinguished herself with fine work in unglamorous character roles. Now, as the most self-possessed working girl since Jane Fonda in *Klute*, she makes up for lost time with a high-wire dance into prime time.

After that, it's hard to get excited about a documetary devoted to a couple of guys just trying to get rich. But *Startup.com*, which opened Toronto's Hot Doc film festival last month, has its own voyeuristic fascination. Created by Chris Hegedus, Jeanne Noujami and veteran D. A. Pennebaker (*Don't Look Back*, *The War Room*), it's a remarkable piece of fly-on-the-wall journalism. The filmmakers follow the relationship of two young American dreamers, childhood friends Kalief Leon Tuazon and Tom Herman, as they create an Internet company out of thin air. Their site is *getWebs.com*, a service to help people cut through the red tape of local government. And as it grows into a going concern with a staff of 25, we watch the new partners struggle with venture capitalists, corporate competitors—and their own volatile relationship. For a while, *Startup.com* looks like a success story, not unlike *The War Room*'s chronicle of Bill Clinton's 1992 presidential campaign. There is even a clip of Tuazon slapping Clinton's business card and offering him a post-presidential job. But suddenly *getWebs* is vaporized in the general midtown of technology stocks, and the film turns into a sobering tale of human folly.

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D. A. Pennebaker's *Startup.com* is a portrait of a new generation of entrepreneurs.

By John Beacock

Forger ice wine. Forget communications technology and women's hockey teams. The quasianarchic Canadian growth industry is literary fiction. New novels and short-story collections are popping up faster than conspiracy theories in the Canadian Alliance. Back in 1970, only about 25 Canadian-authored English-language novels were published. Last year, the total was closer to 250, not counting short-story collections. If this was oil, we could pay down the debt.

So what's happening? Clearly there are more writers than ever before, and more publishers hungry to bring them to print. The new prices have helped, too, especially the sky-high \$25,000 Gillet, which has edged out the venerable \$13,000 Governor General's as the most sought-after award. And then there's the example of a few first-time novelists, most notably Anne Michaels with *Fugitive Pieces* and

Anne-Marie MacDonald with *Fool on Your Kite*. The overnight fame and fortune these women won have doubtless inspired many a would-be novelist to keep on valiantly trying, if not change her name to *Ken*.

But the critical change has been in publishing. Thanks to government grants, small and large Canadian-owned publishers have been able to invest in Canadian writers to a degree unheard-of 30 years ago. And the big foreign-owned firms that operate to profitably here (thanks to their marketing of popular foreign titles) have found it to be in their interests to publish as many Canadian writers as possible. They lose money on many of them, as do the Canadian companies, but their domestic publishing programs make for good corporate citizenship.

So the avalanche of fiction from up-and-coming writers goes on going. Is it a good thing? Generally yes. But at the



same time, a demanding reader might come to the conclusion that, in every season of fiscal harvest, there's an awful lot of chaff. For every author who genuinely accomplished, there are two or three who can barely be considered promising. There are too many novels published that should have been put back in the drawer and declared a learning experience. But the fiction industry has developed a very large appetite for new product, and it has to be filled. Every season requires as crop of geniuses. Of course, in 50 years, or even in five, the names of a few of these will be remembered. But in the meantime, the books keep on coming, the good, the promising and the bad together, their blurb constantly announcing the arrival of a great talent.

Most of this prose, while unique enough, is simply not credible. In fact, the sheer uneventness of quality often in books from the same company makes

WRITING UP A STORM

There's a deluge of Canadian fiction, but, some new voices aren't ready to be heard

Moscaevitch
Taylor is one
of the most
graceful young
writers around

Talented newcomers have produced some exciting books this year

you wonder about editorial standards. Are there any? Or are editors just holding their noses over some books, knowing they have a quota to fill? Are companies fleeing the books out, scatterbrained, in the hope that one of them will win a big prize? Or is all this publishing being done in good faith, with a view to nurturing new talent?

One thing seems clear: the more fiction that's published, the more the perception grows that the standard for publication is striking fine. And yet, no one in his right mind would want to go back to the mass-market, under-publicized days of the 1960s, when many a good manuscript died in the slush pile. So what to do? The best solution would be for publishers to pull their socks up, voluntarily. Put our finer books in the



publication a razzle-paze than it is. The shimmery is a matrix, woven in radiocore. That's bad for our culture. And for Canadian-owned publishing, it could be dangerous. Government with a bias against investing in the arts would be only too happy to see on the led books as a way to justify cutting grants and subsidies altogether. And that, given what we've built up in the past 30 years, would be a tragedy.

Meanwhile, there really are some fine new talents and exciting books out there. Here are a few:

In the title story of *Simple Reaper* (McClelland & Stewart, \$22.95), a memorable debut collection by Vancouver-based Melinda Taaffe, the narrator remembers a critical moment in the life of her

publication a razzle-paze than it is. The shimmery is a matrix, woven in radiocore. That's bad for our culture. And for Canadian-owned publishing, it could be dangerous. Government with a bias against investing in the arts would be only too happy to see on the led books as a way to justify cutting grants and subsidies altogether. And that, given what we've built up in the past 30 years, would be a tragedy.

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Malaysian immigrant family on the War Course. In the first part of the story she watches her father prepare a traditional meal of rice and fish. Later, at the table, her younger brother explodes in rage and shatters the plate. The Father bears him between that arc of violence and the slow, careful preparation of the meal has a universe of complicated feeling, rendered especially by 26-year-old Tches in a style deeply influenced by the razor-sharp ironisms of Orenda art.

The preparation of food also informs *Sticky Fink* (Knopf Canada, \$32.95), a charming first novel from another Vancouver writer, Timothy Taylor. One of the most graceful young writers around, Taylor, 35, focuses on chef Jeremy Paper and his obsession with making exquisite dishes such as grilled prawn presented in "a puddle of wasabi. This ginger cream." The darker canons of his story include

an unsolved murder. Yet the novel, while unfailingly intelligent, lacks the more engaging tenor of Taylor's best short fiction.

Toronto short-story writer Michelle Berry has also just had a first novel published, the oddly appealing *What We All Were* (Random House Canada, \$32.95). Berry, 32, has one of the liveliest, most curious sensibilities in Canadian fiction. A spiritual child of novelist Barbara Gowdy, she creates characters who are so profoundly isolated they seem to live in separate universes. Here she conjures a whole dysfunctional family of three, separated in a house after their mother's death. The floor is already creviced with rocks and the walls with dolls, so it's hardly surprising when they decide to bury mom in the backyard.

Gaye Head of Burnaby, B.C., has also launched a compelling first novel, the ambitiously named *All the Same Side of the World* (Steerforth, \$32.95). It's the meandering saga of a friendship between two women, Diane and Bernadene, who come of age during the Vietnam War. A truly global novel, it reaches on several traumatic political events and love affairs on several continents. Head has a miraculously fluid way of binding together imagination (fearful memories of a lost father with the sensations of a force majeure) in a voice as natural as breathing.

Another winner is *Spirited Dancer* (Knopf Canada, \$32.95) by yet another Vancouver writer, Vicki Macmillan. This strong debut book of linked stories takes its centre of gravity from a gassy space on the north shore of Lake Erie. Mac-

Overcoming that 'twisted moment'

For a first novel, even one polished through a dozen drafts over 10 years, *Martin Skous* (Dieboldly Canada, \$32.95) is remarkably assured. Author Michael Redhill tells his powerful story of two American college friends, Jerome and Mally, and Jerome's much older lover, an Irish-Canadian trout named Morris Skous, alone earnestly in Jerome's financially intelligent

voice. Redhill's years of effort are apparent in more than his scrupulous prose. That craftsmanship, together with his understanding of basic human nature, allowed him to pull off the memorable character of Jerome, whose life is shattered when Morris gets up one night and simply disappears. "Men and women don't suffer less differently, or face death or loneliness differently," says the

34-year-old Toronto poet and playwright. "The book is not about the differences between the sexes."

What the book is about is a truth humans beings are least able to admit: that in the end we are alone. "The only presence in our lives," Redhill says, "that we can count on is Martin and Jerome are buffeted by similar losses while growing up, from betrayal by loved ones to random, brutal acts of fate. But they differ pro-

foundly in their responses. In the stories of Martin's Irish boyhood recalled by Jolene, Redhill subtly explains without ever purifying—why Martin turns his back on love. What makes Jerome is appealing is that when the reader what Redhill calls "that twisted moment when we realize that loving other people is very dangerous," she'll believe "that nothing else is worth doing."

Brian Betlach



These make a remarkable debut



Spirited Dancer

(Knopf Canada, \$32.95)

Canada, \$29.95). The London-based daughter of Meedeen Sochier, 38-year-old Erena has a startlingly original, dissonant voice that wittily conveys the troubled psyche of her heroine, Jeanna Wiers, in the remote childhood in a large, eccentric family. Though some entries are tedious, Sochier at her best balances on a knife-edge between bitter irony and sadness.

In *The Devil in Mr. McClelland & Stewart*, \$32.95), Toronto poet J.L. Capponi, 52, subverts the standard cop romp with this highly modish first novel about a murderer who starts knocking off magazine editors because they rejected his poems. Inside the traditional thriller lies a more lucid look at the mysterious links between creativity and violence.

Another Torontonian, 24-year-old Sheila Heff, achieves an even greater success with the fable-like tales in *The Madde Sister Stories* (Anansi, \$24.95). The faceted yet somehow memorable characters in these tales have a strange, Kafkaesque way of getting under your skin, whether they're living in a shire or living in Daubaville. In fact, they have a lot in common with the characters in the atmospheric cal-

legion *Kingdom of Mondays* (Oakwood, 19.95) by Vancouverite Adam Lewis Schreiber. Like Heff's stories, these tales of North American misfits in Asia emerge from the growing generation's new sensitivity—an intriguing blend of irony and cool as verges on nihilism and cold hope in the individual's ability to blunder through.

—Brian Betlach

Edmonton
writer Thomas
Wharton may
be on the verge
of literary
stardom

*Writing by candlelight
and quill pen helped
bring the past alive*

MAGIC AND REAL LIFE

Call him a mused writer. For his new novel, *Salemstower*, which is largely set in 18th-century Europe, Edmonton author Thomas Wharton immersed himself in the culture and trappings of the period. Wharton, 38, devoured books from the era and surrounded himself with the music of Mozart and Bach. While on a research trip to London, he acquired a wig and vest from the era, back in Canada, he occasionally dressed them and wrote by candlelight with a quill pen. "That's the way I seem to need to work," says Wharton with a playful shrug. "In order to create a world, I have to go there in my imagination."

Salemstower (McClelland & Stewart, \$34.99), the sweet fruit of those labours, defies any description. On one level, it tells the story of Nicholas Flood, a hapless British prisoner who has the misfortune of falling in love with the daughter of Count Konstantin Chetov, a brilliant and vengeful Slovak aristocrat. It's also a fantastical,

globe-trotting romp in search of a mythical "lethal book" that raises questions about the true nature of reading, writing and God, not necessarily in that order. Flecked with stuff—and a potential minefield of missteps for an author delivering only his second novel, but Wharton carries off with aplomb, cementing his reputation as one of Canada's most promising young writers.

Salemstower is the eagerly awaited follow-up to Wharton's debut novel, *Jyfeld*. Published in 1995 by Edmonton's NeWest Press, *Jyfeld* is set closer to home, in the glacial fields of the Canadian Rockies near Jasper, where Wharton spent part of his youth. But like *Salemstower*, it is infused with magical realism touches that owe a debt to two of the author's literary heroes, Julio Cortázar and Jorge Luis Borges. Wharton, who worked on his first novel as part of his master's thesis in creative writing at the University of Al-

berta, expected the book to have limited appeal. "I thought, 'OK, if it sells 500 copies then that's fine with me,'" he recalls.

Instead, *Jyfeld* was picked up by publishers in the United States, Europe and China, earning glowing reviews in everything from the august *Times Literary Supplement* (which called Wharton "a writer to watch") to *Purple magazine* (which ran in review under a half-page picture of Wharton sprawled in the snow). To date, *Jyfeld* has sold 15,000 copies, much to the astonishment of its author. "I thought I was writing on this very personal thing," says Wharton. "But I discovered [it] does something that people could connect with."

For most of his life, Wharton viewed literature as a very solitary pursuit. Born and raised in the small northern Alberta city of Grande Prairie, he was a shy, bookish youngster in a place where pickup trucks and hunting parties reigned supreme. He spent a good part of his early years in the basement children's section of the Grande Prairie Public Library, plodding with staff to allow him onto the adult books. When they finally did, he settled on everything from Dickens to Dostoevsky. "I was probably getting into heavier things than I should have as a teenager," he says. "I remember reading *The Brother Karamazov* and being plagued into that horrible depression for a few weeks." His family moved to Jasper when he was 15, which only exacerbated his social isolation. "I got really interested," says Wharton, "and I think that's where the writing came from. I needed a way to express all this stuff that was going on in my head."

These days, Wharton still likes his solitude, floating as it may be. When he isn't working on his novels or as a distance-education tutor for Athabasca University, he is a househusband to Shanon, who is a nursing manager, and their two children, Mary, 9, and Connor, 5. His ambition is to be able to write full time, a rarity for Canadian novellas. In the meantime, he has a handy antidote to the bust: suggesting he's on the verge of literary stardom. "Being a writer keeps you grounded," he chuckles. "When you're talking on the phone to your agent and you've got a five-year-old yelling, 'Dad, come wipe my butt,' it brings you back to reality."

Brian Bergman is *Edmonton*



WHAT THE CRITICS ARE SAYING ABOUT THE JOLLY TROLLEY.

The Jolly Trolley is a mobile video entertainment library designed to brighten up "life on the ward" for kids in hospital. The 21st Jolly Trolley was recently donated to the IWK Grace Health Centre in Halifax. The Jolly Trolley program keeps rolling and growing through proceeds collected from every rental at Rogers+Video. Which means, the next time you rent a movie from us, you may not be the only one enjoying it.

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Entertainment Notes

Edited by Sander Oh



Deirdre Fonseca is in the mood

Luxury Carrs

Would you buy a used Carr from the man? Occasional Vancouverer Bryan Adams—international rock star, building photographer and art aficionado—is selling four paintings that took from his substantial collection of works by West Coast artist Emily Carr (1871-1945). Adams began collecting Carr's work in the mid-1980s, says David Hefel, president of Vancouver's Hefel Fine Art Auction House. The paintings, which may fetch as much as \$275,000 in total, are among the Carrs in Hefel's May 9 auction of Canadian art.

Hefel says Adams has a deep passion for Carr's creations.

"Not just her paintings and watercolours, but also her ceramics and literature. He was very much intellectually involved with her whole artistic depth." In February, Adams donated her 1915 painting, *The Window After the Rain*, to the National Gallery of Canada. It's not known why Adams is selling, but Carr is hot. A year ago, Hefel sold *Red Canoe* (Alice Bigg), painted by Carr in 1913, for \$1,018,750—a record sum for any Canadian woman artist. An anonymous Canadian buyer bought the work after the price was chased up by out-of-country bidders. Says Hefel: "Canadians really value their own culture once they see what foreigners are prepared to pay for it."

NO CHANCE FOR CELIBACY

So how is a young man to convince a young woman that he's not gay given that she's fallen in love with him on the understanding that he is? That's the bizarre problem facing a hapless fluster called Joel (Tim Howay) in *Arguing over Moses*, a musical by Anna-Maria MacDonald (author of the best-selling novel *Fall on New Roads*) and composer Allen Cole. The object of Joel's affections, scientist Jenny (Glynnis Ranney), so tired of failed relationships that she's ready for celibacy. But chance she'll find it, though, in this witty musical in which gay, straight and bisexual characters can't go five minutes without ogling somebody. Previewed last year in a rushed production at Toronto's du Maurier World Stage Festival, *Arguing* that Moses has been cast, remixed and generally improved in a beautifully acted new ver-



The cast after its run through the musical

The musical tour de force *Ranney's* fairy-girl peregrinations in *The Red Song*, the platonically tragic to one of her libidinously raunchy: "If I gone you never visit every time I per you? Should you live for as far as your little legs would let you? Or would you do what I do? Come a man been back?"

John Bernrose

A DEEP-CUT ABOVE THE REST

Two years ago, during the hysteria surrounding the Columbine massacre, controversy reigns through the Canadian media about Telefonds pouring public money into a statutorily funded movie about meaningful issues.

Now that it's out, everyone can relax. Sure, Ginger Snaps packs its share of blood and visceral violence—it is a horror movie. But it's also a cut above the genre. Toronto screenwriter Karen Wlotz, who wrote the script, and John Fawcett, who directed it, have made a smart, original werewolf movie that also contains a intelligent analysis on female sexuality.

Teenage sisters Brighton and Ginger—played with punk prepossessing by Emily Perkins and Katharine Isabelle—are girls outcaste. After

getting mauled by a mysterious wild animal, Ginger begins to morph into a werewolf with a taste for male flesh. "It's like an infection," she observes. "It works from the inside out." The junior Coen brothers script like to emphasize gore, and drives heavily on macabre metaphors and feminist angst. "Werewolves only be a stat, a bitch, a tease or the shite-went-out". But the performances are strong. Nels Lameche adds a cool touch of tentativeness as a pot-growing botanist trying to cure the curse. And even with a comic turn by Mimi Rogers as a churchgoer who wants, Fawcett keeps things seriously scary. This is one horror movie that doesn't cop out into camp. It goes for the throat.

Brian D. Johnson



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Entertainment Notes

Incredible journey

Every year, in the world's benign non-bird migration, every monarch butterfly born east of the Rockies—perhaps 100 million of them—winters in the same 50 forested acres in central Mexico. (The butterflies head for California if *Annie Hall's* *Four Wings and a Prayer* [Knopf] makes clear, much of this amazing journey is still poorly understood.) For one

thing, the wintering sites were first discovered only in 1976, by University of Toronto biologist Fred Urquhart. And for another, whatever guides the butterflies, it isn't memory—an single butterfly makes the round-trip. In spring, the migrants breed their way north; in fall, even those born in Canada manage to find their way to their Mexican refuge.

Best Sellers

Fiction

	POSITION LAST WEEK
1. <i>LOST IN HIGH SPACES</i> (D. James) [1]	1
2. <i>THE STEVE CARELL</i> (Steve Carell) [2]	2
3. <i>CHEF MORTON MAZS</i> (J. Morton Mazs) [3]	3
4. <i>JEWELRY PARK</i> (Brody Smith) [4]	10
5. <i>THREE CARS UNPARKED</i> (Steve Niles) [5]	2
6. <i>THE HOPSCOTCH GIRL</i> (Meghan Doherty) [6]	3
7. <i>THE ROBINSONS' DIARIES</i> (Amy Tan) [7]	6
8. <i>A PLANTED HOUSE</i> (John Grisham) [8]	7
9. <i>DIARY OF THE KEEPER AND KIDS</i> (Steve Shipton) [9]	9
10. <i>DRAGGMASTER</i> (Stephen King) [10]	11
11. <i>NONFICTION</i>	
12. <i>THE LAST JOURNEY</i> (Steve Connor) [11]	1
13. <i>A LINE OF READING</i> (Troy Kotsos) [12]	8
14. <i>REINVENTING</i> (Mike Nichols) [13]	1
15. <i>HEM AND HAWAII</i> (John Hersey) [14]	1
16. <i>LETS GET FRESH</i> & <i>BADMINTON</i> [15]	5
17. <i>LEAPFROG</i> (Stephen King) [16]	2
18. <i>TIME LINES</i> (Don DeLillo) [17]	2
19. <i>THE MISSION OF MIRACLES</i> (Christopher Isherwood) [18]	3
20. <i>BAD FOOD GUIDE</i> (John Besh) [19]	4
21. <i>DOWN TO EARTH</i> (John Gutfreund) [20]	1

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